Words by the Way

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WORDS BY THE WAY

(SECOND SERIES)

BY

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THE AUTHOR

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TO THE

Students of Swarthmore College,

FOR WHOSE GUIDANCE THESE "WORDS" HAVE SOUGHT UTTERANCE.

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Words by the Way

The Christmas Spirit.

We are yet in the glow of Christmas joys. Days of work, and hours of pleasure, and anxious cares have not yet had time to dim the brightness of the happy festival. Close about us are the beautiful signs of hearts' loves that at Christmas time express themselves in the uncounted ways that fingers and forethought know. Our eyes delight themselves in a wished-for picture, or treasured book—it may be in the simplest written word of affectionate remembrance, and the day is brightened. And then there is the other delight —not in what has come to us—but in what it has been in our power to put into other lives. This is a blessed part of the Christmas glow. Do we need to move on and away from the Christmas glow that we yet feel in our hearts? How would it be with us if we cherished it every day of the

year? It would not be required that every day should be marked in the calendar, by exchange of outward gifts, but that which endures of any gift—that which fire cannot burn nor "moth corrupt,"—how we might pour out upon each other of the blessed *spirit* of gift-giving for solace and encouragement! If the Christmas spirit could look out of our eyes upon each other as we pass upon halls or streets, all the months that stretch from Christmas to Christmas, how our burdens would be made light, how the hard things in life would be eased! If the Christmas spirit that has guided our fingers in taking dainty stitches, and deftly shaping things of use and beauty, and choosing the fit thing for the beloved one, could possess our hands till Christmas day came round again, would they ever be raised to place hindering things in one another's way? When the Christmas glow has gone out of the day, how we hurt each other with thoughtless word and thoughtless deed! O, can we not keep it, to make the cheer and gladness which is

the best atmosphere for souls to grow in! It is not work that makes the young grow old, and the elders falter by the way; we were made for work, as the trees and the stars are, as God himself is; it is more often the worry that we needlessly and thoughtlessly thrust into the lives of others.

With the Christmas gift-giving we have learned again the story of the babe in the manger, and the life given for the uplifting of men. It is true that the babe in the manger, the unconscious little one, accepted the adoration of men—the wise men brought their gifts of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and fell down and worshiped him. But when he came to manhood, after those years in which it is recorded that he was subject to his father and mother, when the few disciples gathered about him for instructions concerning the work he was sending them out to do, did he seek then for adoration? Did he command them: "Go now into every city, and see to it that a shining temple is built for my

glorification. Gold and precious stones shall be its adornment. Great choirs shall sing my praises, and chant in adoration of the wonderful works that I do!" How different his message to the disciples: "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils." No thought or word about himself,—every thought and word for the suffering and needy about him. After the lapse of centuries, can we believe that this Kingly Soul cares any more than in those far-away days, for adoration of himself? During this Christmas week, cathedrals have rung with his praises, and great congregations have sung of the Messiah. I believe this adoration never reaches his ear. That which touches his soul is the service that we render to one another. The dressing of a doll for a college settlement child; the kindly remembrance to one easily forgotten; the expression of love for our dearest ones; the thoughtfulness that checks disturbing noise; that consideration for others that saves the scraps of paper for the waste-basket instead of scattering

them over the floor; the beautiful courtesy that "loves itself last"—can we doubt that these are the things to make the Christmas anthem that can give joy even in the heights of Heaven, and gladden the heart of the Divine! Hear this other word to the disciples: "If ye love me"—is it "sing praises to my name"; "build up systems of theology upon my birth and death;" excommunicate such as do not see eye to eye with you;" "make holy war upon such as are not of your faith"—is *that* the message? "If ye love me, *keep my commandments.*" It is the keeping of these commandments that is not only the acceptable sign of love for the great Teacher, but the hope of the world. These commandments are not vague, "glittering generalities," let fall upon the air to be speedily lost. They are clear, explicit commands that address themselves to each one of us, to be construed according to the circumstances of each life. These commands may not touch just the same things in my life as in yours; but the commands being

chiefly of love and service, they bring the same spirit into all our lives, and can make our streets into heavenly neighborhoods.

It is a blessing, indeed, to have each year a revival of the Christmas spirit—to re-baptize our souls in love. Shall we not try to make it a daily baptism? Shall we not consecrate ourselves each morning to loving service, that we may be helpers of the work for which Jesus gave himself wholly?

The School of Christ.

"LEARN OF ME," is an appeal spoken nineteen centuries ago. Will you try to make very *real* to your thought the personality of Him who uttered this appeal? The Christmas season just gone by has left fresh in our minds the beautiful story of his birth: the young mother rejoicing in motherhood, a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace among men;" the shepherds guided by a star to the humble birthplace in the Bethlehem stable. Scripture and artist and poet have brought this beautiful story vividly before us. Let me recall still further the story of his visit to Jerusalem to attend with his father and mother, when he was twelve years old, the feast of the Passover; his absorbing interest in the discussions of the doctors in the

temple; his reply to the anxious mother who missed him after a day's journey from Jerusalem and turned back to seek him: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Let me recall, too, this bit of the Scripture recorded after the visit in Jerusalem: "He went down with them and came to Nazareth, and *was subject unto them* . . . And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

For eighteen years the record is silent concerning the details of his life. We are told only this —"he was subject unto them"—he was obedient to his parents. He was first obedient before he spoke as one having authority. The school of obedience is a part of the school of Christ. How we long to know more of his life in that obscure Galilean home. That he was a pupil of the scribes a part of these years, sitting at their feet as was the custom of pupils, to learn to read and to write their Scripture language, and to be instructed in the Law, we infer from the later

record. You remember "he came to Nazareth where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and *stood up for to read.*" Again, it is written: "But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger *wrote on the ground.*" His public teaching shows that he had mastered the Law. There is constantly recurring, "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time," "Have ye not read in the Law?" or "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures." He knew student life as it belonged to that far-away time. How much of mathematics entered into his training we do not know, but certainly he knew what it was to struggle with the difficulties of the Hebrew language, and to make himself familiar with his people's past. Language and history and literature—the studies now designated the "humanities," doubtless made up his curriculum. Of the recreations of his youth there is no hint. That the beauty of the lilies ministered to his soul we may believe, since he remembered the lilies when

he would minister to other souls. That the mountains were places of peace and renewal to him we may believe; for when the stress of public service came upon him, how often did he lead his disciples or go alone to the solitude of the mountain. That he was not a recluse but that he moved among his fellows and knew how life went on about him is constantly evidenced in his later teaching. He speaks of the soft clothing of those who live in kings' houses; of the piping and dancing in the market-place; of the value of pearls which are not to be cast before swine; of "gold and silver and brass in your purses." That he knew the blessedness of friendship is to be inferred from his intimate relations with Martha and Mary and Lazarus in their Bethany home where his love restored the brother to his sorrowing sisters; where a supper was made for him, and Martha served, and Mary anointed his feet with the very costly and fragrant ointment of spikenard, and wiped his feet with her hair. That he worked at the carpenter's bench with

his father Joseph, it is fair to infer; because the Jews held manual labor in highest respect, and their scholars were trained in some occupation that would yield a livelihood. Then, wood and metal-workers were eligible along with the scholars, to places in the Sanhedrin.

In these eighteen years of retired life in which he was subject to his parents, and sat at the feet of the scribes, and performed his duties in the synagogue, and mingled with his fellows, we are told that he "increased in wisdom, and in favor with God and man." My mind has dwelt upon this beautiful epitome of unwritten history; I have tried to realize all it means,—his sweetness, and purity, and strength as a youth. And this thought has forced itself upon me, Would the standards of modern youth pronounce him a "goody-goody fellow;" and discover in him a lack of what they designate "nerve"?

His was the *teachable spirit.* His attitude was always that of the young Samuel: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." The interest at twelve

years of age in his "Father's business" was prophetic of the mission that was before him at thirty. For he had come to be a fresh revelation to men of the spirit of God. He had come to revivify the law which Moses had left among men, and to translate Jehovah into Father. In his youth he sat humbly at the feet of the scribes and learned from the law: "Take thee a young calf for a sin offering, and a ram for a burnt offering, without blemish, and offer them before the Lord;" and this other injunction, "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child." The scribes taught him from the Law: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children. . . And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes"; and they taught him too from the Law: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Then, when his days as a pupil were ended, there came a day when he had to pronounce against the scribes, who perhaps had been his teachers, these words of terrible denunciation: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers; ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves; ye pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin (a tenth of their little garden growths), and have omitted the weightier matters of the law,—judgment, mercy, and faith; ye make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess." For the pupil had learned not only at the feet of the scribes—he had been taught of God. His soul was illumined from the Source of light; and now he appealed to the teachers themselves, and to all men beside, "Learn of me." He came not to destroy the Law, but to secure its highest fulfillment. He saw the provisions of the Law

in their right relations and proportions. That which was easiest to do, the offering of calves and rams for sin offerings, the counting of the threads in the tassels at the corners of the mantles, the long prayers at the street corners—all these things, which were easy to observe because they could be done by rule, he relegated to the subordinate place, and taught with every word from his lips and every act of the few brief years that were left to him that this is the first and great commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

"And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

This was the measure that he applied to his people, to all their professions of religion in the temple service, and to all their social relations. The chief priests and rulers among the Jews would not be taught by this divinely illumined Teacher. To them he was only a "pestilent fellow." "He came to his own, and his own re-

ceived him not." But the ministry that in three years seemed to end upon the cross, was not silenced. Its simple, vital truths have sounded on and on from one generation to another, always reaching some quickened ear, and finding acceptance in some soul waiting to pass it on. If I might, I would print in fadeless letters upon all our hearts this appeal of Jesus, "Learn of me," and along with it the first and greatest commandment; and that which he said was the second, and like unto it. What a wise Teacher he was, to sum up his immortal lesson in two commandments that could easily be bound "for a sign upon our hands, or as frontlets between our eyes." But no outward sign is needed for those who would be members of the school of Christ. Their aspiration shines in the light of the eye; the voice is modulated to its harmonies.

The hope of the world lies in its response to this appeal. Only as men learn in the school of Christ whose great schoolmaster was Jesus, can all the wrong things in the world be righted.

Only thus can "man's inhumanity to man" be made to cease; thus only may we hope for the coming of the kingdom of Heaven.

Oxford and Cambridge Universities have each their Christ College. How beautiful it would be if Swarthmore, our beloved college, in its earnestness of student-life; its honor in sports; its courtesy between student and student; its mutual service of teacher and taught, might be in very truth, a school of Christ.

The Spiritual Life.

Let us, on this day that celebrates the resurrection of Jesus, turn our thoughts toward the spiritual life. It has ever been, as it is now, an absorbing question. "If a man die shall he live again?" We love to live. With all the labor and the harassing cares of life; with all the discouragements, and defeated hopes, and tragic ending of human plans, we cling to life. We cling to life as we know it. Life is very interesting to us. To-day's defeat does not often dishearten us. We long for another day in which to try again for the goal or the prize or the perfect plan. The one gift of the gods that Pandora held fast in the fateful box, was a beautiful gift, that is really wings for our souls, and bears us over hardships and perplexities, to the possible triumphs of another day. Not only do

the interesting things of life make us love life as did Mary Somerville, who, past ninety, regretted that she could not live to know the result of the expedition to determine the currents of the ocean. The loves of our hearts fill all the horizon of life. If it is immortal life we ask for, it is because we are endowed with immortal interests and immortal loves But our physical life has of necessity its limits.

Let us recall the teaching of Paul. You will remember that he took the seed of grain as his type of resurrection:

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?

"Thou foolish one, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die:

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain.

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body.

"All flesh is not the same flesh: but there

is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts.

"There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another . . .

"So also is the resurrection of the dead . . . It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."

This is a thought preserved to us from the first century of Christianity. It has been accepted as a poetic thought—a beautiful simile drawn from nature by the great Apostle. But it is confirmed in this latest century by the thought of a foremost scientist who writes: "We who accept the existence of a spiritual world, can look upon the universe as a grand consistent whole, adapted in all its parts to the development of spiritual beings capable of indefinite life and perfectibility. To us, the whole purpose of the world—with all its complexities of physical structure, with its grand geological progress, the slow evolution of the

vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man—was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body. From the fact that the spirit of man—the man himself—*is* so developed, we may well believe that this is the only, or at least the best, way for its development. For we know that the noblest faculties of man are strengthened and perfected by struggle and effort; it is by unceasing warfare against physical evils and in the midst of difficulty and danger that energy, courage, self-reliance, and industry have become the common qualities of the northern races; it is by the battle with moral evil in all its hydra-headed forms, that the still nobler qualities of justice and mercy and humanity and self-sacrifice have been steadily increasing in the world. Beings thus trained and strengthened by their surroundings, and possessing latent faculties capable of such noble development, are surely destined for a higher and more permanent existence; and we may confidently believe with our great poet—

"That life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

This is the thought of Alfred Russel Wallace, whose scientific research has brought him to this noble, satisfying conception of man's destiny. One other thought of his I wish I could present in his own words. I have seen it stated that he declares it as his belief that during this earthly life of ours we do evolve the "spiritual body;" that from our blood and tissues is formed this "spiritual body" which death liberates from the perishable frame to bear the soul onward to the infinite heights of being. Does not this conception of our earthly life give to it its utmost value and dignity? Can any day be unimportant, can any action be insignificant, that must leave its impress upon our spiritual body, and so, upon our immortal life! To me, this conception takes

life out of what might easily be a hopeless, dreary routine of dead materialism, into the region of perennial growth, and unwearying activity and unfading joys. If it be true, and I do believe it is, that the life I live this day will either dwarf and cripple the spiritual body, or will make it beautiful and strong for the spirit's onward and upward progress, how can I be careless of this day's life? Can I believe that deceit and folly and unfaithfulness are elements of immortal life? Can I name these things along with my conception of God? Then, shall I harbor in to-day's life deceit and folly and unfaithfulness? I name the name of God to stand for my highest conception of the good, and in this glowing conception are revealed truthfulness, earnestness, faithfulness, joyfulness. These are the conceptions that will shape this "spiritual body" which is evolving from this day's life, and will make it strong for the immortal life. These are the conceptions that swallow up death in victory!

Some of you miss at this hour the gorgeous

floral adornments and the musical programmes arranged in most churches to celebrate the spiritual birth of Jesus. I would that I could make good to you this sense of loss, in the transforming power of this thought of the "spiritual body." Believe me, it *has* power to make a new earth, full of hope and courage and gladness, that shall be from day to day a foretaste of that heaven whose glories we can but dimly perceive.

"Launch out into the Deep."

It chanced one day that Jesus found himself in a press of people crowding about him for the "word of God." They were beside Lake Gennesaret where two fishermen had anchored their boats after a night of fruitless toil. He entered into Simon's ship and asked him to thrust out a little from the shore that he might be face to face with the waiting crowd. When his message to the people was ended, he said to Simon, "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." Simon was hopeless, because they had toiled all night and had taken nothing; "Nevertheless, at thy word," he said, "I will let down the net." And the draught of fishes was so great that the net brake, and they feared that both ships would sink under the burden of their success.

Did you observe how the Great Teacher took them away from the shallows, and bade them "Launch out into the deep?" Was this a secret of his own life—that he left the shallows for the depths? I think this lesson is clear in every chapter of his life. In that first visit to Jerusalem, when he was twelve years old, you remember how he was missed from the company of returning pilgrims, and how his father and mother sought him sorrowing, to find him, not in the bazaars of Jerusalem which would promise great attractions to the little lad from the carpenter's shop; but with the doctors of the temple, "both hearing them, and asking them questions" concerning the deep things of God! He taught this lesson in that home in Bethany, the home of the two sisters and brother whom he loved. Martha's thought, generous and unselfish without doubt, was the service to the outward man—what food and drink she should prepare for him. And she made complaint to him that her sister Mary did not enough help her. Mary sat at the

feet of Jesus and "heard his word." To Jesus, whose soul was charged with a message to the souls of men, what he should eat and what he should drink were the unimportant things of his life, and Mary's listening to his message was more than food and drink to him. His rebuke to Martha is very gentle, and it was really the message "Launch out into the deep!" "Jesus answered and said unto her—Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Mary had found the deep places of life, she was growing rich toward God.

The teaching of the Great Master in far-away Galilee—this "accent of the Holy Ghost," has lived on and on in the world; let us open the inner ear of our souls this day, to be bidden by him—"Launch out into the deep." The choice between the shallows and deeps is always to be made. It is right for us to remember that there are companies of young people to whom this

language of Jesus would be really an unknown tongue. I am thinking first of "prisoners of poverty," literally "prisoners," not behind iron bars, but in the degradation of the tenement-house herds, kept in herds by lack of work or illness; possibly by shiftlessness and intemperance. There are children and youths in these human herds, born to a home of one room for ten or a dozen persons to sleep in, and eat in if perchance they have food; to have fever in, to do their sweat-shop work in, or laundry work, if perchance they have work. To such prisoners as these, whose whole life seems the clamor of the body for bread, this message of Jesus could have little meaning—they are chained to the rocks of their shallows, as truly as was ever Prometheus fastened to his place of torture. It is right for us now and again to let our minds pause upon this picture of other children and youths, to feel the sharp contrast between their lot and our own. It is mercifully true, doubtless, that the misery to them is not what it would be to us suddenly

taken from our college setting and thrust into theirs; but how pitiful it is that they do not even dream how much is missing from their lives. A merciful Father and omniscient Judge has their impoverished lives in his keeping—"a thousand years in his sight are as but a day"—we can *trust* for what we cannot *know!*

But there are not only "prisoners of poverty" held to the shallows of life, there are prisoners of plenty here and there in the world, to whom the message of Jesus is an unknown tongue. "To eat, drink, and be merry" is a creed that after awhile exhausts all the resources of the shallows, and reduces the wings of the soul to merest rudiments. If it be tragedy to walk the streets in vain seeking for work to meet the bare necessities of life, it is paralysis to turn aside from stimulating, even exacting work, for the enfeebling pursuit of pleasure. "If all the year," wrote Shakespeare, "were playing holidays, to play would be as tedious as to work." Not only "tedious," it must be added, but crippling in the

end, as making play impossible, and the days a dreary pursuit of a "will-o'-the-wisp." For the prisoners of poverty there is a way out of the shallows; for the prisoners of plenty the case is far more hopeless.

But in a company of college students, particularly in this company of college students, the great Teacher should find quick ears and responsive souls for his message "Launch out into the deep!" No prisoners of poverty in this happy company! Sweet, wholesome homes in which mother and father, working together, have made heavenly places for the nesting of the young; homes in which the children have been trained in the field perhaps and the house to have helping, useful hands; homes in which mother and father, craving the best things for their children, count all sacrifice for them as joy, and keep the mortgage a few years longer on the farm, and wear the thread-bare coat if need be, and turn the gown once more that the children may have the high privileges of college life—these are some of the

homes that have given up their sons and daughters to make this blessed company. It cannot be that from such homes you will turn a deaf ear to the message of Jesus!

But perhaps you are saying, "Can there be any shallows in college life? Here are food and drink that our parents' care has secured; here is a regular routine of work that the college Faculty has arranged; here are hours of athletic sport and of social pleasure provided for our need; here are times set apart for reaching up to God." And yet, there are shallows in college life, and very dangerous these shallows may be. You who have lived intimately with your father and mother, resting in their judgment, believing in their wisdom, knowing their faithful love, change that deep communion for the close intimacy of your peers. You exchange maturity for immaturity; you leave fixedness of purpose for the impulses of youth; you leave established principles of conduct for the shifting standards of youth. You find yourself in the new and very

real danger that you and your peers will gradually set aside the moral law which you have lived by with your parents, and make for yourself a college code; that you and your peers will in reality, though perhaps unconsciously "resolve that black is white," and set out to name black things white. Before you left the farm you would have called it a black thing to measure out thirty-one and a half quarts for a bushel of grain; you would have called it a black thing to go to your neighbor's orchard and steal his fruit; you would have called it a black thing to sweep the dust under the rug, and leave it there; you would have called it a black thing to live in the house as though you were its sole occupant, regardless of the well-being of the household. Apply a test to this college life and mark your grade, each for himself. Now that you are separated from the standards of home, are you still calling black things black? Do you go to the class-room with dishonest work—not work at all, in fact—and look your own soul in the face and

say, "I am doing a black thing, I am a liar, a cheat!" or do you allow yourself to say lightly, "O, this is college; and we have passed a resolution that here black things are white"? Not one father and mother represented by this company would have felt anxiety on this point for their son or daughter. Certainly not! You had been known in the society of your parents—you had not been tested in the society of your peers. And what will be the effect of such association cannot with certainty be foretold. College life is of necessity a revelation to the student of himself. It cannot certainly be foretold whether he will hear and obey the lesson of Jesus to "Launch out into the deep."

We must not dwell in thought upon the shallows, except to acknowledge their dangers and be forewarned. Their satisfactions can be but for a moment—they turn to dust and ashes upon our lips. The results of other students' work presented as his own may deceive his teacher, but the student does not deceive himself, nor can he

escape from himself, nor can he escape the indelible record in his tell-tale eyes. No reiteration of the resolution that black is white can ever make it so in the smallest college or the greatest university. He cannot play with the moral law. "Thus saith the Lord" is from everlasting to everlasting. Blessed indeed is the youth who learns this early, and strives to fit his life to the unchangeable moral laws; and when he finds himself tempted by other standards, acknowledges to himself that here is a weak place in his character that is to be persistently trained for strength.

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I have tried to place this danger before you in the baldest way, that there might be no possibility of missing its real meaning. If you are manly and womanly enough to justify your parents' faith in you, then they have made no mistake in opening to you the noble opportunities of college life. These opportunities nobly accepted bear the student "out into the deep." They open sources of practical power and sources of joy un-

dreamed of in the shallows. You will not doubt that *power* is accumulated in the deep; perhaps it is not so easy for you to believe that youth's insatiable appetite for pleasure can only be satisfied there. Your eye is caught by the ripple upon the shallows, their gay sparkle—the "jolly fellow" is the man you would be, the "merry maid" who doesn't care over-much whether law and order are preserved—you think she is the maid admired and sought for. Oftener than not it turns out that such "jolly fellows" and such "merry maids" have their seasons for shining, but they cannot be depended upon for shining in dull weather. Creatures of the shallows have no resources from which to keep on shining; they are like rockets that have their uses for very special occasions; but who would not depend upon the tallow-dip rather than the rocket, in the long winter evenings that are before us? It is to those who have "launched out into the deep" that we must look for that splendid enthusiasm that finds joy in every part of life—that shouts and shouts

and shouts again upon the athletic field; then, when the next hour calls to soberer business, puts on the harness that is to make it available for enduring results.

How can we better help ourselves to obey this message of the great Teacher than to keep close to Him? We can read over and over again the short story of his life, and try to saturate ourselves with His spirit. The nineteen centuries between His life and ours have brought about differences of detail—the seamless garment is done away with, life is more complex; but that which we name the Christ-spirit is the power by which we can be saved from ourselves, and become co-workers with God.

A Humble Teacher.

It is not from Hebrew history, but from our own, that this lesson is drawn. Many of you have some knowledge of the Schofield School for colored pupils in Aiken, South Carolina. In a recent issue of the little *Bulletin*, which every month reports the work of the school, is a word-picture which has taken very fast hold upon my own mind; and I am moved to reproduce it for its suggestion for earnest thought.

A writer in the *Bulletin* says: "A guest at the school took the picture of Aunt Betsey, as the latter had described herself to me years ago, when she was a slave.

"'Yes, missus,' she said, 'I couldn't eat half-cooked hominy, and I had to walk two miles to de field, so I take a board, put some sand on it, built a little fire under de pot, and put it on my

head to cook, toten a baby in my arms; and de hominy be cooked when I got dar.' As we were fixing the little three-legged pot over the fire on her head, her talk went on. We asked who took care of the baby? 'I put 'e in a pine box, and the one that was hanging on my frock took care of it. I always would have something when I worked for massa; had a few hills of *my own*. Some folks too lazy for shadow to follow 'em, but I so tank de Lord I can go about yit.' How old are you? 'I'm deep into seventy, if I aint close over it, and some say I too old to work, but I tells 'em I aint too old to *eat* and the Lord 'ill find me a tryen'. I earn my little five centses and *means* to, and when I wants a little coffee or sugar I buys it, and it feels so good to be independent.''

''Even a good picture cannot give the strength and earnestness of that strong African face, gleaming with a spirit of energy, as she stood with fire blazing on her head and balanced the board, and, letting go, was ready to go forward.''

In the first place, this word picture is historical, illustrating as does the picture of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, or William Penn in treaty with the Indians, one phase of our nation's life. A *woman*, a *mother*, in the early morning, tramping two miles to her master's field, cooking her breakfast of hominy as she goes, bearing her baby in her arms, another child following at her side to begin a life of servitude; mother and child holding the same relation to the master as the mare and her colt in another part of the plantation. That a woman could be held a chattel slave in this country that proudly named itself "the land of the free," proved to be the germ of a malignant malady. The germ developed in the heart's core of our nation and poisoned it from center to circumference. It is called "poetic justice," that the chain, fastened upon the heel of a slave, clasps itself about the neck of the master also. This was true in our national history. The four million slaves of the South were bound by invisible

chains not only to the necks of their masters in the South, but hardly less, through the ties of trade and church and government, to the necks of all the North. You know the story—how this germ of injustice and unrighteousness developed into war and wrought an atonement of blood and tears and treasure, of orphanage and widowhood. You to whom it is only a story out of the pages of history, can never know, as do your parents, who lived through those terrible years of slavery and of civil war, the profound thanksgiving of our country's best lovers, that this injustice and unrighteousness have been put away. Lowell wrote:

"Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God in these distempered days
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of his ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!"

And Aunt Betsy! Is there any lesson for us in the words of this aged black woman? True, she uses very imperfect English! But we have

to remember that the law of slavery made it a penal offense to teach her the alphabet. And then her daily two-mile tramp to the master's field could not have left any margin of time at night, after her humble housekeeping and motherly offices were performed, to learn good English, even by the "natural method." But she has come "deep into seventy years" with all their slavery and hardships and privations, with spirit undaunted, and this note of cheerful courage: "Some say I too old to work, but I tells 'em I aint too old to *eat*, and the Lord'll find me a tryen!" May we not say that Aunt Betsy has lived up to the full measure of her opportunity? I can well believe that no burst of organ music could have a nobler or a sweeter sound in the ears of the Lord than this brave spirit of co-operation, "the Lord'll find me a tryen." Of Aunt Betsy's hardships—the hard work with her hands, the poor cabin in which she has had to live with scarcely more than a roof to protect her from the weather, of all this you and I know nothing.

But hardships in some other form will make a part of our training in the school of life. Our athletes, you have observed, do not get their training on "flowery beds of ease." At college, your training is in part the hard things that are set for your accomplishment—the difficulties of mathematics and science and language, the requirement that you shall be punctual, the endeavor to help you to be just to one another, and thoughtful of one another's welfare. Beyond college your training will still go on in the difficulties that are a part of home life, of trade, of every profession. It would seem to be a measure of compensation for brave old Aunt Betsy, so unconscious of us, or that her story has gone out into the world, if we, having the college life—of which she does not dream—equipped unto all good works, if only we accept our opportunities —if we could take to our hearts to leaven all our lives, to pass them on and on, her own brave words, "the Lord'll find me a tryen."

And then her further words—remember, she is

an old woman—"I earn my little five centses and *means* to, and when I wants a little coffee or sugar I buys it, and it feels so good to be independent." No drone is she, folding her hands in the human hive. Something has reached her inmost soul with the great lesson that Jesus taught "my Father worketh hitherto, and I work." She means to pay for all she gets. She is untouched by the blighting ambition that lays hold upon so many book-instructed men and women, to get something for nothing—to get as much as possible for nothing! And how far she makes her "little five centses" go! Or, rather how wisely she fits her wants to her "little five centses," the lesson so hard for most of us to learn. Perhaps we are saying in our hearts, "If only we could make sure that Aunt Betsy would receive more of this world's bounties we would gladly check our lavish habits—the five cents or the dimes that provident hands put into our own for our gratification we would spend with some thought beyond the moment's gratification." Aunt Betsy is far away

from us, and what we do or leave undone may never touch her life; but we can place it to the credit of her faithful life in the world, if the thought of her right principle of action be allowed sometimes to influence our own.

One other thought. It is hardly likely that Aunt Betsy in her old age, after the hardships of her long life, is very beautiful to look upon. But we must remember that the day is drawing near to her when the wrinkled, uncomely outer covering of this brave soul will be cast aside; and she will appear in the company of souls gone on, in the spiritual body that her faithful life in the world has evolved. Such cheerful courage as hers will wing her soul for long and strong flight; and it is easy to conceive that He who knows men as they are, will announce to this humble teacher, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things—I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the *joy* of thy Lord."

The Root of Courtesy.

One message of the apostle Peter to those whom he designated "elect," can hardly be out of place in this hour set apart from our days of engrossing occupation, for the "upward look." He wrote to the "strangers scattered throughout Pontus and Galatia:" "Finally, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." These words seem to bridge over the chasm of eighteen centuries, and reveal to us that even the "elect" of that far-away time, had need to be reminded, as we have need, of the claims of brotherly love, and pity, and courtesy. They help us to realize too that "a thousand years are as one day" in the patience of the Lord, who unwearyingly makes his sun to rise and set, and ripens his harvests, and pours out his heart of love in beauty, while the divine germ in his children slowly un-

folds toward that development which shall know only brotherly love and courtesy.

To Peter these words must have had a very special significance. He had walked with Jesus. He had been taken into that rare companionship —that circle of "friends" to whom Jesus told whatsoever he learned of the Father. He had been blessed with the brotherly love of Jesus; and when in the crucial hour he had thrice denied his discipleship, he had seen the courtesy of Jesus who railed not with bitter words against his desertion, but only turned and looked upon him. He had learned the heavenly atmosphere, the saving power of brotherly love, and of courtesy; and what he had learned at the Fountain Head, he passed on in his letter to the "elect" strangers. This message has come on and on down the centuries to us, for this quiet hour. "Love as brethren, be courteous;" and I believe that it is fair to say, that only as we love as brethren, only as we count ourselves members of a great family whose head is our Father, our

Mother—God, can we be genuinely courteous—that love is the perennial root whose flower is courtesy. This thought of courtesy makes it not a veneer to be applied for occasions, to be observed by certain favorite eyes, to be effective in selected places; but a vital, growing thing, a blossoming of the soul good for every-day life at home, at college, in trade. Do you see how this thought of courtesy eliminates the element of class or caste, and makes it the possible grace of all who have a heart to feel? For the sensitive heart belongs to "all sorts and conditions of men," from the man of scanty purse who gathered into his own household the orphaned children of his neighbor, to the knightly soldier immortalized by passing on the cup of cold water to the fellow-soldier whose need was greater. In Walter Besant's story "The Children of Gibeon," two young girls grow up happily together in the belief that they are sisters. But there comes a day when Lady Mildred has to tell them that one is her adopted daughter, the child of

obscure parentage. She tells them: "You have proved that there are in every condition of life children who may be trained and educated to have the manners and the instincts of the most well-bred and the most cultured. Just so, among the well-born and the well-educated, there are men who are clowns in manner and brutes in taste. Not the slightest difference between my two girls. . . . There is nothing in the world so good as to be gentle, and one of you, my dears, is as gentle as the other."

The sensitive heart has the power to live a double life, perhaps it might be said, to live not only its own life, but to project itself into the life of other souls, and thus to harmonize itself with the needs of other souls and minister to them. The later translators of Peter's letter use the word *humble minded* instead of *courtesy*, not so picturesque a word, perhaps, but not inconsistent with the deepest meaning of courtesy. Quite consistent with this later rendering, is Shakespeare's "Love thyself last," another

law of courtesy that we might well "bind as a sign upon our hand, or a frontlet between our eyes."

From the apostle's message there is but a step to this testimony from Emerson: "An old man who added an elevating culture to a large experience of life, said to me, 'When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you.'" Try to bring to yourselves the blessedness of that old man's presence—free from every thought of self, free from the desire to impress his own greatness of learning or greatness of possession, free from the critical impulse to see the weaknesses and poverties of others, thinking only of the possible beauties toward which human nature is slowly growing; and so, creating about himself an atmosphere most helpful for such growth. "I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you." With this purpose in my heart, can I ever act the petty, tormenting things which fill the ape's horizon of delight? If I would make humanity beautiful

to you, can I ever, in my intercourse with you, reproduce the tiger's nature, that finds its satisfaction in snarling, and tearing, and spilling the blood of its victims? If we were set in solitary places, if we lived in the ascetic's cell, or spent our lives upon pillars in the desert like St. Simeon Stylites, then the law of courtesy would have little claim upon us. But this seems not to be God's plan for the development of humanity. Our Heavenly Father has set his children in families, with mother and father to be his special Providence to his little children, with brother and sister and precious friends to make the manifold relations of humanity. Our lines of life touch and cross each other at many points, so that no man can live to himself alone. And living so close together as we do in the home, in the college, in the market-places, we must either rudely collide, bruising and disabling one another; or, filling our hearts with the purpose to make humanity beautiful, we shall smooth rough places, we shall stand by one another in the work and

the sorrows of life, as the "guards" protect their man entrusted with the ball.

There may be an obtrusive suspicion in your hearts that "beautiful humanity" means such refinement that strength is sacrificed; that beautiful humanity means an aim suited to womanhood, but insufficient for the stalwart strength of manhood. Strength and beauty are not incompatible. Does any one question that Niagara has strength? and no atom of power goes out of the thundering waterfall when sunny days glorify it with the touch of rainbow-beauty from the creative Hand. Do we ever say anything but the "mighty ocean;" and yet the same beauty-loving Hand has conformed the ocean's ebb and flow to the law of the curve, the "line of beauty." Luther sang, "A mighty Fortress is our God," —the symbol of impregnable strength; but if our souls are attuned to the message, it seems to me we may hear this declaration: "I have studied to make my worlds and your world, the home of humanity, beautiful to you." Beautiful human-

ity is not feminine, is not masculine, and is most beautiful in womanhood or in manhood, that is as strong as it is beautiful, of stout courage; of unflinching fortitude; of unwavering steadfastness.

One other thought presses for utterance in this presence. In these latter days, since woman has learned the alphabet, and in the slow process of evolution is coming into possession of herself, and taking new places of power according to her attainments, even coming to the rescue of the "forlorn" hopes of man, we hear such speech as this: "If women choose to stand for their rights, let them stand in the street-cars; if they will have *rights*, let them expect to give up *courtesies*." There is one message which I wish to leave in this company as a seed of highest and purest and noblest thought. Men build monuments to those whose fortitude takes them to the stake or the inquisitor's rack rather than yield their convictions of truth. *No man breathes the breath of life* but at the price of physical anguish paralleled only

by the tortures of the inquisitor's rack. Womanhood makes no claim to the martyr's monument; for the anguish of motherhood is straightway forgotten "in joy that a man is born into the world." But, can manhood forget! Mothers pass beyond the reach of courtesy and tender ministrations; but womanhood remains, with silent, unredeemable claim upon the courtesy and chivalry of manhood. And now, let this be our prayer:

Father, fill thou our hearts with heavenly love
To shine with steadfast ray upon our path;
To hold our hand from deeds of wantonness;
To keep our tongue from speaking words that blight;
To be the oil of gladness in our tasks;
To bloom in gentle courtesies along the way of life;
Our souls to anchor to thy Soul of Love!

A Spring Parable.

When the Great Teacher walked the fields of Palestine, the corn and the grass and the flowers were ministers to him concerning heavenly things. He never mentions growing things that our thought is not directed in reverence and gratitude to the source of life and growth.

Let us for a moment turn our thought toward a beautiful lesson writing itself before our eyes these many days in gold and white and purple. Before there was a hint of spring in our upper air, one day our eyes were surprised and gladdened by the brave appearance of golden crocuses. Cold and darkness had been their portion for the winter, but in their tiny tombs the wonderful processes of development had been going on—the atoms of the little brown-coated bulbs had followed the law written on their inward

parts, and had taken each its appointed place in stem or golden petal or fructifying pollen, to make the thing of beauty that has been such a joy to our eyes.

It must have been the stoutest of heart that came so long ago, when they had to pierce the chilling sod and submit to showers of snow and coatings of ice, on those memorable days when "splendor glowed on crystal boughs." Many a day they could only just hold their own against the wintry storms; but the next sunshine would find them glowing as ever, and opening wider and wider their delicate cups. At last, when the robins arrived, the beautiful things came trooping out of the darkness and chill, to be a hospitable resort for the busy bees, and to stand in beauteous ranks, a living witness to the Spirit in whom all things, both great and small, have their being. Many of us have stopped in our daily walk, to enjoy their beauty, perhaps to breathe if not to speak our gratitude for their precious ministry. If we were called upon to report upon

the achievements of this company of crocuses, we would testify with one voice, would we not, that they have made the very most of their blossoming season. It has been the work of one set of bulbs to make smaller blossoms, but many of them. Some were appointed to be large and stately in the crocus family. Some were of purest white, and others penciled with lavender, and again, others were in rich purple. But whatever the size or the color, it has been apparent from the first that they were living out the law of their being, that they were deliberately trying to be fine crocuses; that if human blossoms have *not*, crocuses *have* the courage to be as good as they are capable of being. Was there ever a day of their glory in which we found one of the exquisite white sisterhood smirching her fair corolla lest she should be laughed at as "too good?" Among the fraternity in royal purple, did we ever find any suggestion of distorted petals or swollen stamens to prove that they among their fellows had "nerve?" And was it ever in our hearts to

say that it was a tiresome thing to see our crocus rows making themselves as fine and good as they could? Did it ever enter our minds to wish that for the sake of variety some had grown with their bulbs high in air, and others with ragged petals, and others with no petals at all? No! we have rejoiced in their perfection—that they were obedient to the law of the Lord. Would we, if we could, speak the word that should free these beautiful things from the law of perfection under which they grow? Would we distort these beauteous things with the poisonous heresy that it is a dull and stupid and unpopular thing to try to live by the law written upon the heart?

A great poet has written,

> "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake;"

and you will remember that it is recorded that when Jesus prayed in agony upon the Mount of Olives, "there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him." Who can tell but

that we are as human blossoms in the boundless garden of the Lord, beneath the eyes of "spiritual creatures" to whom our growth and fruitage minister as the crocuses have ministered to us!

A blighting heresy has reached even the little children who laugh at their mates for being obedient to school regulations; who dwarf their own small wits in their attempts to frustrate the plans of their teachers for their happy development.

In a college monthly published by the Senior Class of a college in another state, appears this paragraph: "One great fault which the conscientious girl naturally falls into, is that of disclaiming any influence of her conscience over her actions. . . . The fear of ridicule, or the word 'grind' prevents her from saying that she was studying while the other girls were idling, or, that she had spent three hours and a half on a German lesson to which her companions had only devoted one." Here again is the fatal heresy!

This article was written to prove that the se-

rious element in college work is the predominant element in the work of the majority of the students of that college. But the article incidentally brings to light the fact that the conscientious student is afraid to let it appear that conscience has any part in her college life, to impel her to do the very thing for which colleges were instituted; afraid of the ridicule of other students who would dismiss the standard of God and set up their own. Here is a heresy that may well arrest our thought; for it touches the very foundation of things. Kepler was moved to awe and reverence by "the starry heavens, and the moral law written upon the heart." And now, nineteen hundred years after Christ's appeal to his pupils, "Be ye also perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," it is coming to be the fashion among the young to laugh at the moral law! And the naked significance of this is, that the young are beginning to laugh at God!

If we believe that the crocus, doing its best to be a perfect crocus, is only one of the signs that

God loves perfection, how much more must we believe that it is a part of his great plan that every human child of his, so near to his Infinite Being as to be permitted to "think his thoughts after him," should try to be his perfect child! Are you saying in your hearts "How can I set out to be perfect? With my weak will and weaker purpose, and countless temptations to waywardness if not wickedness, how can I hope ever to come near to perfection?" The crocus does not appear above the ground placarded, "I have set out to be a perfect crocus." It just grows according to the law of its being, and comes out a perfect crocus. And so, it is not required of us to take any vow of perfection. Indeed, we need not even think of ourselves at all. If we keep our thought upon the perfection of God, we shall be moving ever in the right direction. If we stumble and fall again and again, as human children must, in learning to walk the way toward God, if only we keep going in the right direction, there will be angel ministers to

lift us up and strengthen us. And when for a moment the way may be obscured, if we make it the habit of our lives to lift up our hearts—it may be in the midst of work or in the midst of recreation—with the earnest appeal to our Father "What wilt thou have me to do?" or "Where wilt thou have me to go?" the way will open clearly before us. In the way toward God lie all the best and sweetest things of life—the wholesomest fun, the brightest joys, the truest friendships, the noblest service.

Shall we make it the crowning glory of our crocus rows, that our remembrance of their perfections shall turn our thought toward God?

Co-operation.

In his letter to the Corinthians the Apostle Paul gave an impressive object-lesson upon the necessity for united labor among those whom he designated "the body of Christ, and members in particular." He made the human body the illustration of his thought. "For," he said, "the body is not one member, but many."

"If the foot shall say, because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; it is not therefore not of the body."

"And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; it is not therefore not of the body."

"If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?"

"But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him."

"And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

"But God hath tempered the body together, that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another."

"And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

This is a lesson that we can all verify in our own experience. We know well how our comfort, and largely our happiness, depends upon the harmonious working together of the members of our body. However bright the sunshine may be over the face of the earth, it is a clouded morning for us that finds us with head or hand out of harmony with the other members of the body. How gladly we would detach the aching member whose distemper has taken the bright-

ness out of the day, and melody out of all the sweet sounds—how gladly we would detach it and lay it away in solitude to heal itself for harmonious service again. But this cannot be. The imprudence in eating or drinking, in work or in play, that makes the aching head, inevitably lays its burden upon all the members, and these must endure the process by which nature can in time restore the lost harmony.

It was to those who were consciously or unconsciously founding a new church that Paul the Apostle sent this lesson in harmonious service, earnestly entreating them to believe that they were members of Christ's body, some to be Apostles, some to work miracles, some to have gifts of healing, and all to be moved by the spirit of love. This beautiful lesson has much in it for us, at the beginning of a new college year. It is as true of the college as of the church, that we are all "members of one body," each important in his own place to the welfare of all. In our separate homes also this is true; with the differ-

ence that the separate home is a smaller body, with fewer members to be harmonized. The college body has nine score or more members to be brought into harmonious activity. At first thought, this would seem to be quite impossible. How can it be that more than nine score members of one body can be made to fit to one another! For our proportions as individual members are very different one from another, so different that we cannot join hands in one long row, and reach one uniform height established by law as the one correct height. There may be nine score or more points of vision, and delicacies of hearing, and degrees of self-control. At one height the eye takes in only the things that are close at hand—the woods that skirt the next field, and the brook by the roadside—it does not dream of the glories that are revealed of mountains and sky and sea by a hard climb to a higher level; it does not dream that its pleasures which are only for the hour, are poor indeed beside those joys which are rooted in the Eternal! How, then,

can the far-seeing and the short-sighted fit themselves one to the other? If we were cast-iron members this could not be. But human souls, patterned after the Divine, are made for the Divine unity. The far-seeing will not scorn the narrow-vision; and there will be such light upon him from the hills of God, that others seeing the brightness, will ask its source, and try the steeper climb, and find that they too were made for the higher level. One note in the harmonies that reaches the sensitive ear, is the note of infinite patience that awaits the slow process of growth from infancy to maturity. If we were cast-iron members we would have to go about prodding one another with our sharp points, irritating old wounds and making new ones. But we are all dowered in greater or less degree with the Divine gift of love. Paul, when he had presented his object-lesson concerning the members of the body, added: "Covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way." Then he gave them that wonderful discourse on the

power of love—"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal."

Here, then, is the secret of accord for the nine score or more members of the collegiate body. Is Paul's noble love among us? This is the crucial question for each member to measure himself by, teacher and taught. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly; love seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked." Youth is subject to sudden impulses to let go restraint, and give free course to tumultuous desires and unseasonable satisfactions; and "unseemly" behaviour among the nine score members of the college body is like grains of sand thrown among the wheels of delicate machinery. Paul's noble love withers away the germs of unseemly behaviour.

"Love seeketh not her own." This is only another way of saying "Love delighteth to cooperate with her neighbor." He who perpetually seeks his own must go about as one with cast-iron members, thrusting aside whatever he

regards as standing in his way. Among students, he who seeks his own is on the low plane of vision that cannot see beyond the moment's indulgence. It is his pleasure to throw his work to the winds, and amuse himself—it matters not to him that to his neighbor this very moment for work is like gold in his pocket, and to yield up the moment is like giving up his gold to a thief.

It matters not to him that his self-seeking view of things would wreck the best interests of the college. He allies himself with those whom Watts, the great English artist, has portrayed in his picture of Mammon—an unlovely creature with his hand crushing a fair maiden, and his heavy foot upon the neck of a noble young man. Paul's noble love is the antidote for the poison of self-seeking, and is the very life of all co-operative effort.

"Love is not easily provoked." This message is less for you than for me. I have tried to bring clearly before you that it is the spirit of co-operation alone that can make a place of peace

and unity in which nine score members can work together as the collegiate body. Very keenly do I realize that only as my soul is baptized in this noble love, can I hope to point out the way to you, and help you to see the best things in life, and help you to make hard climbs upward. It is often borne in upon me that if I could be enough loving, I could shine away all the difficulties of our co-operative life. I want you to know that I listen to Paul's message not only for what it has for you, but still more for what it has for myself.

There is one other thought which I would bring clearly before you—our co-operation with each other is our only way of co-operating with God. I believe that *words* stand for very little with God. I believe that you and I might rise upon our feet for the whole of this hour set apart for "religious service," as the world designates it, and say or sing over and over the words of the psalmist, "I will praise Thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto Thee. I will worship toward thy holy temple,

and praise thy name for thy loving kindness and for thy truth"—we might have this hour of words without ever reaching the ear of our Father. But I believe that we cannot have one impulse of care for each other's welfare, one effort of self-restraint that keeps us silent rather than interrupt each other's work, that its vibrations do not reach to the heart of Infinite Love. How can he care for the tones of the organ, or our spoken praises, except so far as they strengthen us to do the things he would have us to do for each other—his little children. To this beautiful, loving service of co-operation with our Heavenly Father in the daily and hourly concerns of life, we are all called. There is no high nor low in this service; no respecting of persons. There is the individual tie between every human soul and the Infinite Father. And as the individual relation with the Divine is cherished in our heart of hearts, it will gradually open the way to us for perfect co-operation, human and Divine.

God, Everywhere!

LET us turn our thoughts toward this beautiful hymn of the Psalmist:

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning and flee to the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Everywhere, God! not only the enveloping at-

mosphere, the great aerial ocean whose vibrations touch the nerves of sight and hearing, the element in which our bodies live and move; but everywhere the greater enveloping atmosphere—God, the vitality of all that lives; the Light in which can be no darkness at all! We do not see the air we breathe; we know it best when we miss it most. Let the air-pump be applied to this room in which we are assembled, and as the exhaustion became complete, our hearts would flutter and flutter, and presently cease to beat. Neither can we see God with these outward eyes of ours. It is possible to go through life seeing only what these outward eyes make visible to us. The sky may be only an overarching canopy of clouds. The trees and beauteous flowers may be only carbon and nitrogen and chlorophyl. The mountains may be only great masses of forest-covered granite or marble. Men and women may be only parents or brethren or friends. If our vision stops with these outward things, glorious and noble as they are, we miss the soul of them

all. There is the Supreme Builder and Maker of them all, whose thoughts men are striving always to think after him. We use the words "Supreme Builder and Maker;" they only hint at a great conception which our finite minds cannot hope ever to make complete. I take a blade of grass in my hand, I know that men are able to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before; but the single blade,—that baffles the profoundest scientist, he cannot make it. That single blade of grass, then, which men cannot make, becomes an altar before which we may bow in deepest reverence, and acknowledge the Creative Power—God. The Athenians raised an altar to the *unknown God!* and yet, what revelations of himself are in his wondrous works. How could he be the "unknown God" to men who lived beneath his shining sky; who knew the majesty of the mountains and sea; the beauty of form and color, not in flowers alone, but in all forms of creation; who felt the love in human hearts that must have been kindled from the

heart of God! It is in the power of the single blade of grass to unseal our eyes so that we may see God everywhere, and know that we cannot "go from his spirit" nor "flee from his presence." To the psalmist, God was the Jehovah, the Lord Almighty. Then there came a day of tenderer revelation. It was the little lad of Galilee who first said, "I must be about my *Father's* business."

Thenceforth there was not only God everywhere; but there was everywhere a Father, and all men were become brethren, and the earth was flooded with light, and light and love were one. The "Father's business" filled all his years. The "Father's business" needed human hands to carry it on, to be strength to the weak, and healing for the sick, and sight to the blind, and comfort to the sorrowing. The "Father's business" brought the man of Galilee to the cross, but it made him the Light of the world. Since he said "Father" all men who have heard his word in their souls, have drawn closer to God:

and steadfast light is in our lives in proportion as we live toward God.

May the psalmist's vision, illuminated by the later light, be our vision! I would urge that we make these words of the psalmist our own, that we may say them over and over, and make them daily bread to our souls, and that we may grow toward their full meaning. Shall we do our work as unto God? It is this spirit of consecration that ennobles all work, that really makes us co-workers with God. Shall we play as in the presence of the Lord? O, yes, he has made us to love play; we have only to think if our play is pure and worthy of this great, enveloping Presence. Shall we live with our friends as in the presence of God? It may be that these very friends of ours give us glimpses of God that we get in no other way. The sincerity of our friend —his nobleness, his mercifulness, his dependableness—can we help believing that they spring from the Divine!

It is only this high plane of living toward God

that is worth our while. It is true that our steps will be stumbling steps for many a year. We are so human, and have so many besetments! We shall make mistakes of judgment; we shall lose our temper; we shall speak the harsh word; we shall actually hurt one another; we shall fail of our standard of honor; but let us not go down because we fall down! We can trust the patience of God! He will be glad of heart, as our father and mother are, when we rise up from every fall, and courageously keep our course upward toward Himself!

The Baptism of the Spirit.

You will recall the testimony of John that while *he* baptized with water, as a sign of the remission of sins, a sign of the old record washed away and a new record to be begun, there was another who baptized with the Holy Spirit. The baptism with water was only an emblem, an outward thing; the baptism of the Holy Spirit, *that* touched the very sources of the soul's life. John bears witness that he saw the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descend upon Jesus. Can we doubt that it was the Holy Spirit that quickened and filled the life of Jesus, and through him reached the hungering multitudes that hung upon his words and waited for his healing touch? The sick that needed a physician turned to this minister of health to make them whole. The unhappy souls that felt themselves possessed of

devils, clamored for his word of power to make them strong and set them free from the tormenting thought that held them. Those who had put their trust in the letter of the law were taught a new test of their daily lives—"By their fruits shall ye know them." This baptism of the Holy Spirit which visited the soul of Jesus and opened to his vision the very life of God, he received not as only his, but passed on to all who could share in it. In every generation since, this has been the great spiritual reality. It is true that systems of theology with their many perplexing propositions have come between the souls of men and the vital touch of God. It is true that to bandaged eyes it is as if the sun were shining not.

Happy is it for us, if we have in some measure, however slight, the consciousness that in God "we live and move and have our being;" if in the flood of autumn sunshine in which we are rejoicing, we find a messenger straight from the Sun of suns; if in every visible thing of his handi-

work we see a manifestation of God. If only we have this consciousness of living in God, then our life becomes religious life—life bound to God. Then our thought will turn continually Godward. When we are weighted with our work and it seems heavier than we can bear, the unspoken appeal for more strength from the exhaustless Fountain will renew our discouraged efforts. When we are tempted away from the right line of doing, and what we know to be conscience is laughed at as cowardice (and this often befalls the young), there is in this consciousness of God the unfailing source of noblest courage. And when we are most glad in our successes, and most gay in the abundance of life, it sanctifies all our gladness and gaiety, to say in our inmost heart "I am so thankful, Heavenly Father, to be glad." You see, there is no separateness in this type of the religious life. There is no withdrawing into the convent or monastery to be near to God, to escape the difficulties of life there; there is no setting apart hours and days in which to be

religious. But right in the thick of things in our busiest work, in our gayest sports, one flash of thought Godward lifts us to the Holy of holies for the life-renewing baptism of the Spirit, and instantly we are back again to "do the next thing," or to play with all our might if it be our time for play. Do you realize that it is our privilege to be the ministers of this heavenly baptism to each other? Mrs. Browning has written it:

> So others shall
> Take patience, labor to their heart and hand,
> From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
> And God's grace fructify through thee to all.

Whether we will or not, we cannot pass each other in the hall or on the street that we do not baptize each other with the spirit we are of. This is the way we are made. And this makes life, of necessity, an earnest thing. Perhaps we would say "It cannot make any difference to the community or the world, what I do, I am so unimportant and insignificant—I will just go my own

way and look out for my own good and my own pleasure. I will not be my brother's keeper." But that very attitude of indifference does make itself felt. It puts in place of a sunbeam, an icicle. And how we do love to live among sunbeams! And how we do bless that soul, passing us in the hall or on the street, that calls to our mind, and thus baptizes us—faithfulness to present duty, the noble courage that puts to shame the laugh of the scorner, the charity that thinketh no evil, the sympathy that is balm to our wounds, the nobility that honors us, demanding the best that is in us! If Jesus baptized with the Holy Spirit, so may we in our lesser measure. Thus does our Heavenly Father honor us, appointing us to this beautiful service. An element of sternness enters into this however that we must not close our eyes to. This is not only *privilege*, but *stewardship* as well, this power of personal baptism. And for our stewardship we have sometime and somehow to render an account to show whether we have done well or done ill in

keeping our brother! It is in cherishing in ourselves the consciousness that our life is in God, that we are called to all things true and noble and happy, that we can win for our stewardship the approving word "Well done, thou good and faithful one!"

Learning to be Glad.

This silence, which may be golden in its opportunities to many a soul, I would not break, did I not hope that a golden message has been committed to me for you; did I not hope that a word spoken now, may find lodgment in these young hearts and perhaps spring up in blessing all the rest of their lives. The word that I would speak to you is on *learning to be glad.* It may be a new thought to you that we can *learn to be glad,* that we may practice gladness as we would our elocution or gymnastic lesson. You may have been accustomed to think that gladness comes from without, that it is the sunny day that shines upon us; that it is the luxurious house that makes a happy place; that it is a satisfactory wardrobe that brings peace of mind; that it is the deposit in the bank that secures joy to us. It is

true that all these things have to do with our gladness. It is true that when a bright day dawns, flooding the sky and the earth first with rosy light and then with the warm golden sunshine, it is easier to be glad—it seems a natural impulse to speak some special joyous greeting to our fellows; just as Lowell has written of June,

> "'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
> As for grass to be green and skies to be blue,
> 'Tis the natural way of living."

And yet our hearts may be so darkened by our own unhappy conceptions and forebodings that sunshine is quenched in the gloom. I know that the perfectly appointed house with artistic upholstery and all beautiful belongings promises peace; and yet one discordant soul in the "house beautiful" may make all its velvet and linen and polished woods, as dust and ashes. It is a comfortable thing to have a wardrobe to our mind, but money cannot buy any coat or gown with magic to put joy into a joyless heart. If the

heart be glad to begin with, then the sunny day, the beautiful house, the satisfying wardrobe, the favorable bank account, all these things conform to the oft-repeated law "to him that hath shall be given" and add gladness to gladness.

But how can we form the *habit* of gladness? First, perhaps of all, by cultivating a spirit of thankfulness. We read in the beautiful story of "Ramona" that it is the custom in some Mexican households to greet the first beam of the morning sun with a glad hymn of thanksgiving. Our quieter northern temperament may not prompt us to this outward expression; but it is good for our souls if the first beam of the morning finds us not indifferent to the daily coming of the blessed light, but sensitive to it as a message from God. It is good for our souls to accept our daily bread as a gift straight from the hand each day of our Heavenly Father. It is good to speak within ourselves our thankfulness for the work of the day, the activities of body and mind. It is good to name our precious ones in

the presence of the Lord. Every time we say in our hearts "I thank thee, Heavenly Father," we lift ourselves toward the region of perpetual gladness.

We are used to the thought that our conduct has much to do with our joys. We have all learned to say "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We sing our evening hymn:

"Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light."

Between conduct and thought there is close connection.

Whether it be true or not that thought is the mightiest power in the universe, it cannot be doubted that our habit of thought has much to do with the gladness of life. Holy George Herbert wrote:

"The man that looks on glass
On it may stay his eye,
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy."

And so in our observation of things about us, it may easily come to be the habit of our minds to *stay* our thought upon the imperfections, the crudities that so often offend us. This is one of the special dangers of the young who have not yet had time to learn to

> "Look largely, with lenient eyes
> Upon whatso beside us may creep and cling
> For the possible beauty that underlies
> The passing phase of the meanest thing."

When we have a garden plot to weed (and a good deal of life has to be given to weeding in some form or other) we can afflict ourselves at our task by counting the weeds, by groaning at their number and their size. But it is a better way for our souls to think, as we work, how clean and beautiful the garden plot will be when the task is over; how our roses and vines will thrive and bless us in their growth and bloom, that we have taken the hindrances out of their way. The awkwardness, the unloveliness of our neighbor

offends us, obtrudes itself upon us, becomes like the irritating buzz of gnats to us, till we ourselves are untuned and give back the discordant notes that have put us out of harmony. But it is in the power of our thought to close our ears to discord, to keep our eyes fixed steadfastly upon that which is lovely, toward which we ourselves would grow. When evil or disturbing thoughts arise in our minds we can bring our will to bear upon them and turn away from them to that which is good and helpful.

I have not learned how much it is in the power of thought to heal the diseases of the body, but it cannot be doubted that evil, discordant thought is poison to the body as to the soul, unnerving it, depressing its vital forces, and so creating disease; nor can we doubt that harmonious thought, that gladness in the soul may keep the nerves in tune, and vitalize the whole physical structure.

When we look over the great broad world there is much to disturb our serenity of thought, there are problems of human woe and wrong that are

past our solving; but for all these things, we have done the best that we can, when we have striven to make our own lives, insignificant though they seem, centers of gladness and harmony. And so, if there be one among you who is led by this hour's thought to study how to be glad, and how to seek the "peace that passeth understanding," then this will have proved a golden message.

And I will leave with you these words of a poet:

> "Take joy home,
> And make a place in thy great heart for her;
> And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
> Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
> When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
> Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
> It is a comely fashion to be glad;
> Joy is the grace we say to God."

A Forward Look.

NATURE'S autumn is upon us. All the long summer days her industries have gone steadily on. In her countless laboratories the unseen forces, stimulated by sun and rain, have accomplished what seems to be the ultimate purpose of all Nature's activity—the ripening of seed; and barns are filled with golden grain, and vines are purple with fragrant grapes, and trees are bending beneath their burden of ruddy fruit. And now, vacation days are just ahead for the busy earth.

> "Grand is the leisure of the earth;
> She gives her happy myriads birth,
> And after harvest fears not dearth,
> But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim."

But our year, our human, college year, is in its springtime. The spent energies have been re-

newed by rest and change; the heart has had its day of joy in the home; merry-making has had its season, and now, sowing-time is upon us for "Commencement" harvests; indeed, for harvests ever after. At the springtime of the college year it is wise for us to pause and try to realize, as if they had been written to us, the words of Paul to the Galatians: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—try to realize their significance for us at Commencement time and ever after. It is an old, old message, but ever with vital significance, for out of it, we might truly say, are the issues of life and death. When harvest time is truly upon us we have a vivid sense of the importance of sowing-time. This sweet and juicy corn is the harvest of the gardener's greatest care in selecting seed and suiting the soil to its need; but that other planting perhaps is most disappointing, for its fine, promising-looking ears of corn are without any sweetness, because, alas! the seed was grown next to corn that did not set out to be sweet. Presently,

when the chrysanthemum harvest is glowing in our borders, there may be moments of regret for those who let the planting time pass by, and will have no golden blossoms to take the place of the sunshine on a cloudy day. Shall I recall to your minds the week of final examinations with its terrors for those who, while others diligently sowed, lounged idly by, or gave themselves up to every distracting influence that came near them? Let memory do its perfect work, and bring back to such as need this stimulus, the failure of the last year. Then let the *imagination* do *its* perfect work and carry you forward to the next harvest-time, and picture for you the incalculable satisfaction of work well done, and the self-respect of a place among approved and honored students. When the enticements of ease and fun obtrude themselves upon your working hours, almost irresistibly to young hearts, let it be your protection against them to remember that ease and merriment out of season turn to pain and sadness, and yield no sheaves for the harvest time.

It may be that never again in all your experience will the way of life be so straight and plain before you, so free from perplexing complications, as during these college years. Indeed, you might without reproach, write at the head of your daily program, "*Sacred to myself!*" For so it is ordered for you. All difficulties have been smoothed out of your way. When you wake in the morning it is to find a day most thoughtfully apportioned for your best good. Upon these hours sacred to your intellectual growth, no claims of duty to others will ever intrude to interrupt your work, or to tear your heart with conflicting desires. The reminding bells have no purpose but to call you from place to place for your own best welfare. Does this picture of college life which is so mindful of the individual, stamp it a *selfish* life? Not necessarily. The Scripture Preacher declared: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." College life is the season set apart for a specific work. Not only is it

not selfish to do this work, but the student who devotes himself faithfully to it contributes to the scholarly atmosphere of the college, and becomes a stimulus to all who are associated with him.

But to waste the opportunities of college life, not to do the thing for which it is appointed, *that* is to make college life worse than selfish. The idling, indifferent young man or woman becomes of necessity a plague spot in the college community, a centre of infection, scattering germs of idleness and indifference to corrupt its moral and spiritual atmosphere. Not to use the opportunities of college is to forget the toil and sacrifice and yearning hopes that your presence here represents; is to devastate the home hearts whose very life is bound up in your own.

Accept with thankfulness this straight and plain pathway of duty, as a beautiful gift from God. Accept it, not only for the intellectual acquisitions you expect to gain, but as a school for training in faithfulness in the "few things" that is to make you "ruler over many things." Be-

yond college life lie the stern exactions of business or professional life, and the many demands of the world's work. The student who requires himself to meet college hours has gained one hard point toward business success, whose laws are inexorable. The student who has conscientious regard for the rights of other students, who has self-control enough to be silent when the rights of others demand silence—almost the only claim upon self-sacrifice—this young man or woman will be ready "when Fate the measure takes, and says, 'I find thee worthy, do this thing for me.'" The temptations to gross vice and misdemeanor such as fill station-houses and penitentiaries do not enter into our college life. But it has its own temptations to try the soul of the student—*refined temptations*, perhaps they might be characterized, to match the circumstances of his life. The student who would feel his neighbor's purse to be a very vulgar temptation, indeed not a temptation at all, has been known ruthlessly to take possession of his neighbor's precious time.

It has sometimes chanced in the past, that the young woman whose heart was easily touched by the poverty and misery of college settlement "neighbors" ten miles away, and their need for sympathetic help, could calmly disregard the presence of her own neighbors on the hall, and, indifferent that she made herself a torment to them, indulge her own desire for turbulent and unseasonable fun-making.

A beautiful passage in Isaiah suggests itself as a watchword for our new year. "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his neighbor, 'Be of good courage.'" What sunshine and timely showers are to the spring planting, that will it be to our college year if a spirit of helpfulness "every one to his neighbor" pervades our college halls. It will make an atmosphere of gladness in which all good things can grow.

It is impossible not to feel a thrill of joy at thought of the close bonds of student-life; the opportunities for noble friendships rooted in fel-

lowship of purpose; the stimulating sympathy of kindred pursuits. "How soon a smile of God can change the world!" And we, helping each other, are smiles of God to each other. Who would not be a smile of God!

Into the rich and inexhaustible subsoil of *faithfulness to the next duty*, may our souls strike their roots, for growth toward God! Else must the spiritual life become like the growth from the "stony places where there was not much soil." Only thus can we come into living relations with God whose sun steadfastly rises every morning, whose "seed-time and harvest do not fail."

We have the promise of Jesus who taught with "authority:" "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Religious emotion is a sweet influence in our lives to make dark places light, and rough places smooth, to bear us upward to the "heights where lies repose;" but religious emotion has its seasons of ebb and flood. If days come in which spiritual fervor seems to abate, and we are uncer-

tain about the doctrine, let us keep faithfully to the *doing*, as the sure anchor of our souls. Then shall we know again and again the inflowing of Heavenly Light, the assurance of Divine Love in all, and through all, and over all.

Children of Light.

Jesus used a beautiful phrase in speaking to his disciples, "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be *the children of light.*" The Apostle Paul seems to love to perpetuate this expression; for to the Church at Ephesus he sends the exhortation, "Walk as children of light;" and to the Thessalonians he writes, "Ye are all children of light, and the children of the day."

These beautiful words seem to have more vivid significance for us just now, when we are hungering and thirsting for sunshine. The winter days, however bright, have had the minimum of light; and it has chanced that the lengthening days have been shrouded in clouds, and still we wait the floods of sunshine that will rouse the sleeping rootlets into spring's activity, and burst

the buds into blossom and leafage, and make the old earth clothe itself as fresh from the hand of God. The spring-time has never yet failed us—the tardiest elms have always been roused at last, and June has ever been "the high tide of the year." How can we be *thankful enough*, even if we consciously paused at the beginning of every hour to lift up our hearts in thanksgiving for the seeming miracles wrought over and over before our eyes. A little child was so glad in her heart that she lay down and kissed the sunshine streaming across the carpet! It is not so very strange that there have been worshipers of the sun—this center, for us, of light and warmth, this artist, this physician. And it may be that the Eternal Sun, named sometimes "a jealous God," seeing how the hearts of his children could lift themselves no higher than the outward light and warmth, has accepted this adoration for the sun, as tribute to the sun's Creator.

Jesus loved this symbolism of the light. He never said: "I am the hurricane; I am the frost.

Men are so selfish, so unworthy, I will scatter them with tempests, I will destroy them with frosts!" Instead, as the great teacher of men, he said: "I am the *light* of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

How to live in the light—to be "children of light"—this is our life-problem. For thirty years Jesus was studying this problem, we may infer, in the retirement of home and shop. The only glimpses given us of his departures from home, are the pilgrimages with his parents, during his boyhood, to the temple in Jerusalem. After his meeting with the doctors in the temple, when he astonished those who heard him with his questions and answers, he came back to Nazareth and was *subject* to his father and mother. "And he increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Obedience was one of his early steps toward the light. The life-lessons of his father and mother, he accepted and wrought into the fabric of his own life, through

the wonderful processes by which experience is transmuted into power. The obedience to his father and mother was finally obedience to the Heavenly Father, with whom he came into such close union that he said "I and my Father are one." With absolute assurance he told his disciples, "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not abide in darkness." . . . "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment, what I should say." Can we *believe* that Jesus came a *light* into the world? If this promise touches our need, the way will open clearly before us to become "children of the day." His words that have been saved for us, are so plain that the young child and the untaught can understand them. There is no need of intervening mind between our mind and his; he speaks directly to the inmost soul. Our hope for unfailing illumination is in saturating our own souls in the spirit of his life. This we shall attain, not so much by study of theological sys-

tems, as by making his simple, life-sustaining words our own, to be leaven in our souls till they are really transformed into the likeness of his. In the words of Jesus is the law of justice between man and man; there is the root of courtesy that sweetens and dignifies all human relations; there is the secret of oneness with our Heavenly Father.

It is a worthy ambition to work for a college degree—to strive to become leaders of men ;—it is our heavenly privilege to try to be "children of the day"—to give brightness where the world is clouded, and warmth where the world is chilled.

The Ministry of the Sabbath.

The suggestion has recently been made in our presence that this Sabbath day—the one day in seven set apart as a day of rest from our busy occupations—should be so used as to minister directly to our spiritual life. Believe me, there is wrapped up in this suggestion the vital lesson of life. You will remember how Jesus sustained himself in the wilderness with the lesson which he had learned in his youth from his regular attendance in the synagogue—"man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." The life of the body is of necessity very exacting. Its "bread" has come to mean much more than the grain of the harvest field. All the zones of the earth are made to minister to its desires for food and raiment. It is for the body that commerce sends its ships over the seas, and covers

all lands with a net-work of railroads. Six days are filled with these labors for the body; nerves and muscles yielding up their last atom of power to the claims of agriculture, manufacture, and commerce and all their resultants. And this is legitimate activity in behalf of the body, whose capabilities are made to match this interesting earth of ours with its great prairies and fruitful fields, its forest-covered mountains and the mines within its depths. If only we learn that the life of the body is not all of life!

For days are sure to come when the body loses its integrity; and from commanding the forces of nature, from being master of machine or engine or counting-room it is laid low; its nerves like "sweet bells jangling out of tune;" its muscles wasting under the touch of fever; its bones broken in some untoward accident. Nor are these days of disaster to the body sure to be postponed for long years to the season that we designate a "ripe old age." Even youth is laid low. Happy-hearted youth, every member of the body

thrilling with life and physical power—ready for all the delightful activities of vacation days, or undaunted on the athletic field; in an hour laid low by a mysterious malady, and brought under the beneficent hand of the surgeon. In an hour the joyous outlook of the happy home, or the spirited activities of college are exchanged for the severe simplicity and the narrow limits of the hospital-room, and days in which breathing is almost the only motion permitted to the imprisoned body. When such days come, and they are possible to all, if the life of the body has been all the life, they can be little more than days of living death. How freshly in our minds is the lesson that in one moment, one sudden stroke, the physical life of utmost fullness of health and strength may be yielded up! If the life of the body has been all the life, how feebly must the dwarfed spirit enter upon its new conditions!

And it is not alone physical disaster that may overtake us, and test our hold upon the life of the spirit. The spirit itself at school in this won-

drous world has lessons so severe that their very hardness seems proof that the human soul has the springs of its being in Infinite Strength—is in very truth the child of the Infinite.

An admonition has come down to us from the far-away past: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." The suggestion of our President that this day should be so used as to minister directly to our spiritual life, is another way of saying "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" In infancy and childhood every difficulty in our way, every hurt of our hands or heart took us to the tender mother or father, who stood to us as the centre and bounds of all things. We pass beyond infancy and childhood to difficulties and hurts that the tenderest parents cannot shield us from, nor remove, nor heal. Still our hearts cry out for guidance and help and healing. Happy is it for us if we have received such an inheritance of

spiritual insight that we believe these appeals of our hearts are not made to empty air—that our very need for help and guidance and healing presupposes a Helper and Guide and Healer. I love to believe that in the economy of the universe our Heavenly Father, infinite in tenderness as in wisdom and strength, has opened to us infinite resources for help and guidance and healing, upon which we may make claim just so far as our spiritual sight becomes clear. I am saying this to you, not as one who can *see* all the way to the end, but as one who has had such glimpses of spiritual realities as to give courage and belief that long to share themselves with younger learners in the school of life. In one of our hymns are the lines—

> "Lo! all things are thine angels, Lord,
> That bring my God to me:
> O for the ear to hear their word!
> O for the eye to see!"

A month ago I placed a Chinese lily bulb in a bowl of pebbles and water. These were the con-

ditions needed for its growth; and it has been so true to the law of its being that it has been "a messenger of God" to me. Just waiting for the right conditions were the embryo leaves and buds, that in the month of growth have made their way up into the light and are now tall and strong and beautiful—a living witness to a Power not ourselves that loveth beauty as well as righteousness. A vessel of costly porcelain would give us satisfaction as man's clever handiwork; but no syndicate with millions of dollars can command the secret of the lily's growth. This is of God. Is there one among you who vainly feels after God? Then use an hour of this beautiful Sabbath day in planting in your window, if not a lily-bulb then a single grain of corn to be a messenger of God to you. These growing things whose mystery of creation man can never compass—really we may make them sacred shrines for the quickening of our spiritual life!

But there are many "messengers of God," waiting for access to our souls, to stimulate and

strengthen our spiritual life, this beautiful Sabbath day. This is what Ruskin says to his own nation of the Bible:

"It is the grandest group of writings existent in the rational world, put into the grandest language of the rational world in the first strength of the Christian faith by an entirely wise and kind St. Jerome, translated afterwards with beauty and felicity into every language of the Christian world; and the guide, since so translated, of all the arts and acts of that world which have been noble, fortunate and happy; and by consultation of it honestly, on any serious business, you may always learn—a long while before your Parliament finds out—what you should do in such business, and be directed perhaps to work more serious than you had thought of."

Is it the messenger with modern speech, putting into the language of the present day the "accents of the Holy Ghost," who best reaches your ear?

Then give an hour to Emerson this blessed day, and saturate your soul with his ideals of in-

tegrity and courage, and go for another hour to the great poets whom Emerson designates "the liberating gods."

Perhaps it is the man of science whose voice you are listening for. Then let Fiske's "Idea of God" be a messenger to you; and in these "days of youth" let these words of his be woven into the very fabric of the soul: "The infinite and eternal Power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God. . . . When from the dawn of life we see all things working together toward the evolution of the highest spiritual attributes of man, we know, however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, that God is in the deepest sense a moral Being. The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness. Thou canst not by searching find him out; yet put thy trust in him, and against thee the gates of hell shall not prevail; for there is neither wisdom nor understanding nor counsel against the Eternal."

Thus, there are messengers for every type of mind, and it may be that some human life lived close beside us, right before our eyes, under the roof of home or college, may be a "living epistle" to us, ministering as no written message could to the growth of our spiritual nature.

It is the high privilege of every human soul to be the revelation to others of just so much of the Divine as can be appropriated and lived. That life which is the "way" is a record that our Sabbaths cannot exhaust. If on each recurring Sabbath we would come anew under the baptism of that spirit, then the worker in the same furrow as our own on the six busy days to follow, would find some rough places less wearisome, he would feel the cheer of sunshine even when clouds come over the face of the sun. And for ourselves it would mean an increasing consciousness of God. This has to be individual experience—this consciousness of God. It cannot be bestowed upon us—it has to come as the fruit of our effort to live up to our highest light. Without it we must go

through life in the dark, stumbling and faltering and falling, wounding ourselves and hurting others; with it we "walk in the light," we renew our strength at inexhaustible fountains, we run and are not weary, we meet the "evil days" with courage, and in part disarm them of their terrors. Could any appointment of time be more beneficent than this, come down to us from the great leader of Israel—six days in which body, mind and heart are engaged to the utmost, then this pause in our activities—a day holy unto ourselves and to the Lord, in so far as it is made to minister to the spiritual life.

If "in the days of thy youth" there come glimpses, however dim or fleeting, of the reality of the spiritual life now and here, cherish them, and they will grow clearer and stay longer, pointing unto perfect day.

The "Example."

You will remember that Jesus said, "I have given you an *example*, that ye should do as I have done to you." It is true that these words were spoken to a small company of his disciples, pupils, *friends* he had named them, and they were spoken long centuries ago in far-away Jerusalem, in that upper chamber where they were to celebrate together for the last time one of the rites of their Jewish church. The sandaled feet of that time and country made feet-washing one of the services of hospitality—a service reckoned the most menial of all. But at this supper no servant was called to do this service. Jesus himself, their teacher, their elder brother, their guide, the greatest among them, laid aside his outer garment, girded himself with a towel, as the custom was, and bearing the basin of water

from one to another, in spite of the heartfelt protests of Simon Peter, washed their feet and wiped them with the towel wherewith he was girded. He had known them very intimately as they walked the fields together, and met the multitudes drawn by his works of healing and his word of authority. Perhaps he had discovered that they had not yet caught the vital meaning of his mission; perhaps he had glimpses in them of the Pharisaic spirit, which he was living his life and would die his death to overcome. One more appeal he would make to them, one more object lesson he would give them to lift them above the pettiness and benumbing influence of self-seeking and self-absorption, into the largeness and vitality and illumination of his own spirit. He shocked their sense of propriety—it did not belong to their caste to do this lowliest office. But we may believe that they could not lose the lesson of the hour; that they could not miss wholly the baptism of that spirit at one with God, who is not only the creator but the server of all!

"So after he had washed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was set down again, he said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you?

"Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.

"If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet.

"For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

What plain, straightforward words these are! Can we possibly miss their meaning! "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." Some one has said that the life of Jesus upon the earth was the *human life of God*, to show human beings how to live with one another. This is quite consistent with all the manifestations of God. For God pours out his own life upon the universe to serve his children, to be the energy of fructifying sunshine, to be the vitality of the harvest, to be the ministering rain-

drops, to be the joy-giving beauty of skies and blossoms. And then, we may well believe, that to make things still plainer for us, so plain that the meaning cannot be missed, he has really lived before us in the life of Jesus the ideal of human relationships. What is the glimpse given us of the childhood of Jesus? He came back from his remarkable meeting, when he was twelve years old, with the rabbis in the Temple, and was *subject* to his parents, and "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Not until he was thirty years old did he leave the privacy of his carpenter's bench (you see how he respected hand-labor) to become the public teacher of men. In the meantime had he used his carpenter tools to build himself a temple, with a throne therein where he should sit in purple and fine linen to dispense his message to men? Instead of the Temple, he "had not where to lay his head." Instead of sitting upon a throne, he went about among men; virtue went out of him and healed their diseases; little children felt the

sweetness of his heart of love; the accused before him were bidden to sin no more, and went away with new hope and courage. For one class of men he had a severe, stern message—for such as were very scrupulous about the letter of the law, and had no sense of its spirit; for such as made long prayers and devoured widows' houses; for such as laid heavy burdens on men's shoulders, and would not move them with one of their fingers; for such as honored him with their lips, while their hearts were far from him.

The searching question which I would have us put to ourselves, is this—Has the life of Jesus among men any message for us; have *we* any part in that last Passover supper with his friends; did he give an example to us in that last service of hospitality, for us to do as he had done? We come of a long ancestry that has borne the name of Christ—does it have any vital meaning to us? Are our relations to other people to be patterned in any degree after the "example" which he left? The day is drawing very near for some of

you when you must take your places in the wider world of business and of social life, to make permanent relations. You will have to meet the question whether the Christian name you bear means anything. And how is it right now and here in our smaller college world—is that example of service one to another the standard to which we try to fit our lives? Perhaps there is still another question that should be asked—Is it worth while to try to fit our lives to that standard? Would it make too much kindness and sweetness in our College world? Would there be danger of losing from our community what is known among students as class-spirit? There is no hint in the story of Jesus that has come down to us that he found recreation in his intimate intercourse with his friends Lazarus and Mary and Martha, in things that mildly teased and inconvenienced them. *Was* his way "the more excellent way?" or has modern youth, that often craves a spice of mischief to give zest to recreation, found the key to a higher development?

These are fair questions, and it is worth while that we should think about them. Because it is *college relations* now that test our loyalty to the standard of Jesus—the affairs of the wider world do not yet claim us. Let us beware lest we find ourselves in that company that honor with the lips, while the heart is far from him!

The service of hospitality which Jesus used as an "example," has no place among us; but the *spirit* of that feet-washing rite—how many ways there are of translating it into the language and activities of our college halls! There is the loyalty to college regulations imperative for the orderly and peaceable living together of scores of people. Does the "example" that Jesus gave mean anything at this point? There is the door-knob to be held; there is the precious hour of study to be undisturbed; there is the thoughtless, bitter word of criticism to be smothered behind the lips, lest it go forth a winged thing to sting and blight wherever it touches! Could our life be too kind and sweet, if we tried to fit it to the "example" that Jesus gave?

I believe that if we can get a glimpse of the spirit in which Jesus lived, and along with that glimpse one aspiration of soul to live under the guidance and control of that spirit, we get a glimpse of the essence of the religious life. It is good for us to read of Jesus over and over, to try to fill ourselves with his spirit toward life and toward men. And let us sing with our hearts as with our lips:

"Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

"If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate—

"The happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the everlasting name."

He That Overcometh.

The gift of life is very dear to us. We are *made* to cling desperately to life. We love its very uncertainties and risks, as well as its unending possibilities, and the joys that fill our cups to overflowing. And most of this company have already learned that life has many a hard place for us all. Our Father has *honored* his children, has given this sign of our kinship with himself as sons and daughters, that hard things lie at intervals all along our way of life. We are not even born upon our feet; but have to gain the mastery for these poor little members by trial after trial, by stumbling over the inch-high obstacles in our way; and falling down and rising up over and over again.

In the struggle to get upon our feet our cour-

age more than matches our feebleness, and we do not even remember our struggles.

Neither are we born with ready mental equipment. The records of all the ages to which we are heir, are sealed to our infant eyes. What were it to us to find ourselves in the midst of all the books in the world, with no key to unlock their treasures! But the day comes when the alphabet is mastered, the key is ours, and then begins the unending process of gathering and gathering the riches saved up from the past—and it may be, of adding our mite to the stores for the future. Hard places you know well there are, all the way along from the alphabet itself to the Master's Degree; and only few of all the multitude attain the commanding heights of scholarship.

And what of our spiritual part, that which urges on our faltering feet and will not let them fail—that which must illumine all our mental strivings if we would get from the intellectual life the very best it has to give? Here perhaps

is the very hardest striving of all, here are the struggles we can never give over. If it is hard to get upon our feet, so is it hard to keep the courage that is needed to go forward into the uncertain future. So it is hard to hold steadfastly to our right purposes, to "do the next thing" whether or not it be the pleasant thing. Hard is it in childhood to lisp the alphabet; so is it hard at your age and mine to keep our lips from speaking guile, to make our lips the fountain of life-cheering speech; so is it hard to learn the lessons set for us in youth in the disappointments and denied wishes that are a part of every life; so is it hard in mature age to rise above the inharmonies that threaten all the sweetness of life, into the region of perpetual shining; hard to carry our burdens with such calmness and strength that their weight need not fall upon other souls; hard to attain to such a realizing sense of the everlasting arms that we may know our weakness to be supplemented by their strength.

It is a great gain to us to give up our search after an *easy* life; to accept it as soon as we make the discovery that we are "to wrestle, not reign." Whom do you most respect among your fellows? Is it the young man or woman whose energy is chiefly shown in reducing work to the minimum, who makes a program that just satisfies the bare requirement of the law, and then lives a parasite upon the efforts of his neighbors, starving himself upon their honey, instead of getting the growth and vigor of his own visits to the flowers of literature and science and mathematics? In your hearts you pity him, perhaps despise him. The instant we present a firm face to the hard things of life, accepting them as a part of our portion, and meeting them with determination, the victory over them is begun. It is with the hope of beginning this victory, that I would place this thought of courage before you. There is a beautiful promise to be cherished in our heart of hearts. It is in that chapter of Revelation which describes a new heaven and new earth; for the

first heaven and the first earth were passed away, the holy city coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. The seer not only saw the vision of all things made new, but he heard a voice out of heaven saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with man, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them." And the voice spoke also this promise, "*He that overcometh shall inherit all things;* and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." You see that all things are promised to him that overcometh—that all possibilities are included in the overcoming.

And I believe the overcoming depends upon our *sense of God*. If our sense of *ourself*, our own will, our own courage, our own strength fills all our horizon, is all we have to depend upon, we can get but little way in the overcoming. Our finite resources are soon spent. How can we grow in this sense of God? If we need outward helps, they are all about us in the things that

have been made by the Infinite Power whose name is God. Great temples and cathedrals, themselves inspiring us with awe and reverence, are only the handiwork of men. But the sky over our heads, the sunshine flooding the earth, these trees close at hand bared for their deep winter sleep, the primrose, blooming in our sunny windows—all these are straight from the hand of God. No man with all the helps that science has to offer, can make the primrose seed, or root, or leaf, or beauteous blossom. If then, we need an outward manifestation of God, let his flowers be ministers to us. Let one leaf of his, which no man can make, and is always at our hand, let this be written over with the name of God for us, and turn our thought in the direction of our highest conception of what is true and good—God-like, and this conception will ever grow with our growth. Right in the midst of our work or play an instant's thought of God flashing through our minds will bring us illumination on our way, an increase of strength for our overcoming. These

momentary, unplanned for uplifts of thought toward the Infinite, O let us cherish them as very steps toward God! Our appointed times for upward-reaching thought, our silence before meals, our assembling each morning before the day's work, our meeting here—all these miss their deepest meaning for us, if they prove not the school in which we learn how to keep our souls open every moment toward the Divine. And then, God gives us so many helps beside his trees and flowers. How many times he speaks to us through the lips of his men and women—how many great thoughts he gives us to grow on! Beside the outward help of the primrose leaf, we can wear in each pocket, and close to our hearts, some of these great thoughts. If not in our pocket, then in our hearts let us wear this saying of Jesus, "I and my Father are one—whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;" and this aspiration of the psalmist, "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so

panteth my soul after thee, O God." And when we come face to face with hard things, let us renew strength and courage and hope, with the beautiful promise—"He that overcometh shall inherit all things!"

The Thought of the Heart.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." We hear these words pronounced over and over again, but do we realize how rich they are in meaning, how vital their message is to us? The every-day sunshine, the every-day cup of cold water, the "daily bread," the almost daily dandelion's cheerful gold—all these every-day things we may come to accept as ours by right, and with no thrill of acknowledgment. It is good for our souls to make our first waking-thought an acknowledgment of the blessed gift of a new day and its sunshine; and so it is good for our souls to pause upon these old, old words as familiar to us as the old, old sunshine, and try to fill our souls full of their meaning.

"As he thinketh in his heart." Yes, this is the keynote of life, and all of life's experiences are chords made from the thought of the heart. Musicians speak of the "dominant" of the musical chord. There is a "dominant" in our hearts that gives tone and color to all we do. If it chance that this "dominant" be the thought of self, alas for the poverty of life! It is true that *self*, thyself, myself, each self of all the great congregation of man is a thing of dignity, of nobility in its fractional place, as a part of a great whole, each necessary to all the other parts, each bearing the stamp of the Divine. But when the thought of the heart turns inward upon itself, separates the infinitesimal self from the perfect whole, as a sole object to live for, to be absorbed in, to build up, to gratify at any cost to other selves, or without any thought of other selves, then its riches only make poorer; then this magnified self grows away from the Divine Pattern, and so away from loveliness. While the little separated self would make all things tributary to

itself, it is undermining its own foundations, trying to establish itself upon a quicksand. But let the "dominant" in our hearts be the thought of self related to other selves, then will life be in very truth "a grand, sweet song." Isolated self becomes a monstrosity, a deformity. Self related to other selves develops harmoniously, restraining whatever would be excessive and obtrusive upon others, stimulating whatever is feeble and insufficient. Out of this "dominant" in our hearts grow all the possible harmonies of life. Self related to other selves cannot be over-reaching, cannot even wish its own upbuilding at the cost of other selves; cannot take that which is not its own; cannot despoil that which is not its own; must from its own fullness minister to the want of other selves; will, in sweet humility, renew itself at fresher fountains. It is this "dominant" in the heart that binds us to the heart of God and makes the religious life. For the life of God as it is lived before us in the "earth, which is His," in the "sun and stars, which are His" is a life

of ceaseless ministry, pouring itself out that the sun and stars may shine; that the earth may yield its increase; that in Him we may "live and move and have our being."

I do not doubt that many an earnest soul among you is striving toward the religious life. Theological teaching in the past has made the religious life seem of most difficult attainment; and, perhaps, it might be said also that theological teaching has made the religious life seem not altogether lovely. How can our poor little intellects grasp the subtleties of foreordination, and justification, and transubstantiation! How can warm, human hearts be greatly drawn to the isolation, the separateness of life that theology has prescribed for the seeker after the religious life! The Great Teacher was not a theologian. He went about doing good. Out of the abundance of his own spiritual life, the very real presence of the Father, he ministered to the hungering and thirsting souls of men, and healed their physical ailments. In the holy silences that are recorded

of his short public service he teaches us how he constantly renewed his own spiritual life. In the suggestion of his intimate, heart-warming relation to a few friends we are taught of the blessed ministry of friendship. And, then, when he was abroad in the fields of Palestine he made the lilies his helpers. His life has made clear to us what was the thought of his heart. While he was yet a boy the thought of his heart was "his Father's business"—to be strength for the weak; to be sight for the blind; to manifest to every human soul how it is possible to be at one with the Father. He has shown us the way. If we can make it the thought of our hearts, young and old, as he did—"to be about our Father's business," then shall we lay hold of the secret of his power, then shall we attain to the religious life. And let us believe this: That the "Father's business" for us to do is the service that appears along the daily path in which we are appointed to walk. We are in danger of missing our opportunity by looking too far away—to some battle-

field of wounded soldiers, to some plague-smitten city, to some region of intellectual darkness; and because we do not find ourselves in these far-away places we are in danger of feeling ourselves absolved from our "Father's business." For you and for me it may be just the matter of keeping our hand on the door-knob, or modulating our voices; just the matter of restraining our impulses to disorder; just the matter of being patient with other people's short-comings; just the matter of keeping the cheerful heart to smile and shine in cloudy weather. For us it may be just these simple, every-day, ever-present little services that are our "Father's business." If we can make this the thought of our heart, we shall have entered upon the religious life, and we shall learn that the religious life thus lived makes all gladness more glad and all brightness more bright. It has its seasons of hard work and may lead us through some rough climbing, but it has its times, too, for merry-making, its times to dance, and its times for athletic prowess. Let us

make it the thought of our heart to do our "Father's business," and let us make it the habit of our souls to retire into the holy silences in which we may renew our spiritual strength. In the midst of our busiest occupation we may for one moment, at intervals, withdraw ourselves into a holy silence in which the soul can reach up to the Infinite and feel itself clothed upon with power.

The Stigmata.

A FAVORITE theme with many early painters is St. Francis of Assisi receiving the stigmata. The legend which suggests this picture is thus recorded by Mrs. Jameson: It is related by his biographer, that Francis had spent forty days of fasting in his solitary cell upon a mountain, passing the hours in rapturous adoration of his crucified Saviour until finally there was vouchsafed him a vision of a seraph hovering near him and bearing between his wings the wounded form of the Crucified One. It is further recorded that "when the vision had disappeared, and he had recovered a little from its effect, it was seen that in his hands, his feet, and side he carried the wounds of our Saviour." By some writers this report is regarded as history rather than legend, and is quoted as a well-attested example of the

power of thought to produce in the hands and feet and side of St. Francis the very wounds which he had been contemplating with rapturous intensity. The artists represent this scene with lines like rays of light passing from the wounds of the crucified Jesus to the hands and feet and side of the adoring St. Francis.

If, by days of wrapt contemplation we might receive upon our hands and feet and side the imprint of the cruel wounds inflicted upon the body of the crucified Jesus, what would it avail! Could any saving power for others proceed from our scarred hands and feet and side? Would these imprinted scars make our hands more firm upon the door-knobs to save the slamming of our doors; more gentle hands in ministering to others? Would these simulated scars upon our feet make steadfast feet to walk in the right way, and swifter feet in the service of others? But there is a very beautiful and helpful suggestion in this story of St. Francis. Think what it might be to us to establish these lines of communication, not

with the wounded body of Jesus, but with his divinely-illumined soul. And I believe that it is in the power of thought thus to bind our souls to his, that light may shine from his mind to our mind, that virtue may pass from his great soul to our lesser soul, that the strength from his mighty heart may supplement our faltering weakness. In meditation upon his words which were made vivifying words by the life out of which they proceeded, we may sit at the feet of the great Teacher in this far-away century. Not, then, by fixing our thought upon the bleeding wounds made by his persecutors can we best make ourselves his aids in carrying forward his work among men, but by receiving into the deepest places of our soul, as the clay receives the imprint of the potter, the beautiful "Blesseds" which he pronounced to the multitudes listening upon the mountain. And I would have you see how it is that these years of college life may be the time of all others in which to establish the invisible and strong ties with the soul of the

great teacher. You remember the blessing which he spoke upon hunger and thirst—the hunger and thirst for righteousness which means rightness and straightness and wholeness. Out in the great world there are so many other hungers and thirsts that may make themselves felt more than the hunger and thirst for righteousness! We know that men and women rise in the morning from wearisome nights, to struggle the whole day through with the hunger and thirst of their bodies, so imperative that the soul is paralyzed and ceases to know any hunger or thirst. Women stitch and stitch from early morning till long past nightfall; men mine in the depths of the earth, and feed the furnaces in the depths of ocean steamers—all for the demands of bodily hunger and thirst! How can it be expected of such that their souls shall open toward righteousness? But in college life what may not be expected of the soul! The claims of the body are all provided for. No one of us in this college community wakes in the morning to the torturing problem:

"How am I to earn my bread this day?" By the student's own industry and prudence, or by the thrift—it may be by the sacrifice of father and mother—the daily bread is all secured, and the same providences have made it unnecessary to "take thought for raiment." Really the years of college life may be as truly the life of the spirit as if we had put off mortality and entered upon what we name the heavenly life. For, not only are all physical needs anticipated, but the way of the student is made straight and plain before him hour by hour, directly toward his goal. No demand of the household can call the college girl from her study to meet some emergency in the family arrangements; no busy days of harvest or of trade are allowed to take thought and time of the college man from his allotted work.

If, then, there is the hunger and thirst divine, college life becomes a perpetual feast. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." The right training of the intellect is a part of righteousness.

God is all-righteous—the right training of the intellect is to open our eyes to the immanence of God! Every step in science is really a search after the methods of God, to find out how he made and how he manages the universe. Every mathematical formula is really the equivalent of "thus saith the Lord." All history and literature are the records of man's progress toward God. This is the high plane of living to which the college invites you. It is at this height that college life yields its best treasures, and its enduring satisfactions. Did it chance that in your outings in the summer vacation, you left the lowlands some day, and climbed, it may be with toilsome climbing, to the top of a mountain? Can you ever forget how at each step of the ascent the prospect broadened until the near things of the valley that had filled your eye were dwarfed in the distance, and here a flowing stream was a line of light, and there an unsuspected lake reflected the sky, and other mountain tops came into view, green and flower-

bedecked, and perhaps white at the top with unwasting snows? Then did you recall Wordsworth's words:

> "Who come not hither ne'er shall know
> How beautiful the world below."

So is it true that those who do not reach the higher planes of life, cannot know how beautiful life may be. Only as we go upward, do the best things come into view, and the poorer which we have thought the best, fade away in the distance.

There is another of the "Blesseds" spoken by Jesus upon the mountain which helps us to see the best things of life. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Whoever *sees God* has in his soul the everlasting Light to make plain his pathway, and to shine in the valleys of life through which we have sometimes to go. You have seen plate glass so clear that the light passes through it undimmed, and it seems a medium for outer air as well as for light. So, purity of heart with no admixture of malice or

of envy, with no unclean thought, lets into the soul the floods of light which are a revelation of God.

One more of the "Blesseds" I would fix our thought upon as St. Francis of Assisi dwelt in thought upon the "riven side" of Jesus. I would have graven upon our souls "Blessed are the peacemakers!" On that day of your mountain-climbing did you come to cloud or tempest? Then, how difficult and uncertain your steps became. And how you blessed the sunshine that presently scattered the clouds and sent you on your clear way rejoicing. The makers of peace are sunshine in our lives, and shine away the clouds that sometimes settle down upon us. The makers of peace are they that fit themselves to law. They see in law not a hard and oppressive rule of life to be evaded and resisted; but rather, the gentle appeal of order that fits everything to its right place, and leaves no chance for the destroying friction of things misplaced; and makes all lovely things possible. The inner joys of the

peacemaker—the acknowledged son and daughter of God, we can only know as we reach this beautiful estate; but how well we know the blessedness it is to have the makers of peace among us, to shine for us, to make the atmosphere about us in which we can see our upward way.

Shall we begin our college year with these three "Blesseds" before our eyes, to be graven upon our hearts; to be a bond between our souls and the soul of the great Teacher; to make our college life the wholesome and happy and beautiful thing so easily possible to it!

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness."

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

"Blessed are the makers of peace."

The Great Benediction.

LET us allow imagination to have its perfect work, and take us into the presence of the great Teacher, as he sat upon the mountain side and prophesied in part, and in part instructed his disciples who had followed him into the solitude of the Mount of Olives. It was in this hour that he spoke of the faithful and wise servant, made ruler over the household, and happily found dispensing his master's bounties when suddenly surprised by his return. He taught them of the kingdom of heaven, through the parable of the virgins wise and foolish—the sorrowful virgins left without in the darkness because, alas! they lived for the hour, and forgot that the sun does not always shine;—the happy virgins whose trimmed and burning lamps found them ready for attendance upon the bridegroom, when the

door opened for entrance to the marriage festival. Again he enforced his teaching concerning the kingdom of heaven with the lesson of the one talent buried in the earth that it might be returned intact to the "hard master;" and the five talents diligently used until they gained not only five talents more, but with them that happiest reward, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!" Then he directed their thought forward to that great day, apparently much in their minds, when the Son of man should come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, and, seated upon his throne, he should see all the nations gathered before him, to be separated one from another as the shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, the sheep on his right hand, the goats on the left. Let us listen from our inmost souls to this climax of the hour's teaching; let us lose no accent of the great benediction: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" nor the response to the glad surprise of those who heard it:

"For I was an hungered and thirsty, and ye gave me meat and drink; a stranger, and ye took me in; naked and sick and ye clothed and visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

How plain this teaching is. From the foundation of the world the Father has prepared a kingdom for his children. It is not a kingdom after the manner of men, to be passed on from father to eldest son; to be administered in august state, maintained in splendor and great sumptuousness, exalting the few and abasing the multitude; wrested from one and another ruler by the deadly might of the sword. It is not a kingdom of the learned, to be earned by college and university degrees; officered by theologian or metaphysician or scientist. It is not a kingdom whose divine rights are vested in wealth. It is not a kingdom limited and bounded by the vision of men,—the narrowness, the short-sightedness, the blinding pride of men.

It is the domain of the Holy Spirit—the kingdom whose bounds stretch away into infinity; the kingdom whose infinite possessions and resources of spiritual things, are as open as the Infinite Heart itself to every child of the Father. Towards this kingdom the great Teacher is continually turning our thought. Do we *believe* that he knew whereof he spoke? In these plain and simple lessons to his disciples is there really a chart for the wayfarer toward the Heavenly Kingdom?

How glad that master was, when returning unexpectedly, he found the trusted servant administering the affairs of the house as if they were his very own, acting from a law of honor written upon his heart. Are we not all as glad, when our interests in the hands of another—even the sweeping and dusting of our room—are carefully attended to? If all the places of trust the whole world over, from the humblest service of the household, and the children gathering up their blocks, to the weighty matters of the State,

were filled by the faithful, think of the great sum of gladness the whole world over! Perhaps the great Teacher need not have added another line to his lesson of the faithful servant. That glad and happy master could not keep all his gladness and happiness to himself—it would shine in his eyes, it would be heard in the tone of his voice; he would have to be as kind as the servant had been faithful. There would be a very contagion of gladness in the atmosphere about him. Gladness must be a part of the blessedness of the Heavenly Kingdom, and gladness makes it easier to be good. It would seem that the *servants* of the world, all of us who are in any capacity the *doers*, have largely in their keeping the gladness of the world and its goodness. This is so plain and easy to the understanding that we are in danger of missing the parable's great significance. Easy to the understanding is the story of the faithful servant, but it does not follow that it is easy to be faithful. Opposed to faithfulness are our love of ease, our inertia, our indifference,

it may be our selfishness. We need to keep close to the great Teacher, to be baptized, if we may, with his spirit which shall quicken our own, or rebuke our own, or remind us continually of the gladness that is waiting for us to make.

To be bidden to the great festivals that life is perpetually offering, and to see the door closing against us because we have not made ourselves ready to enter in—that is loss and defeat, indeed! There is no sex in the parable of the foolish virgins. Wasted opportunity is a disaster that threatens the young, whether men or maidens. The things that have a right to give pleasure for the hour easily establish themselves for the day with the pleasure-loving young, and the day grows to a year. The oil of life is burned and burned—there is no storing up of that which may be transmuted to light and joy. When they would enter into the perpetually bright and shining things of the unfolding soul they cannot pass the threshold.

The great Teacher told in simplest words what

the test, the "examination," will be in that day when each soul is chosen for the "right hand" or the "left" of the King. There will be no test of generalship; no requirement of wealth—even intellectual attainments are not measured on that day. Nor does the love of a man for his own count on that great day. In that radiant Presence—the Son of man and all the holy angels—this is the final test, "How have ye served the *least of the brethren*," those so poor that they had neither meat nor drink nor clothing; those so despised, so unworthy, doubtless, that the prison separated them, as it would leprosy, from their fellows? Over and over, the great Teacher reiterated this lesson of service to the "least of the brethren"—the lesson cannot be escaped. He insisted that the rich and the learned and the happy are to be literally a good Providence to the poor and the ignorant and the miserable. It was another form of his injunction, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." It is only Perfection—only Infinite Patience—that

can make the sun to rise, and the fructifying showers to fall, and seed-time and harvest to be unfailing for the unjust as well as the just, the unmerciful and mean, as well as the kind and noble. This is the standard to which the great Teacher unswervingly holds us. He knew that we will love our own ; that we will pour out our heart's blood in utter self-abnegation for our own, who are our other selves. What need to exhort us to be friendly with the fortunate, to visit the refined and lovely and entertaining—to help them that can help again ? All this is as easy to us as for the bee to seek the honey laden flowers. He set us the harder task, as worthy of the sons and daughters of God. He honors us as children of the Most High when He will not let us escape His simple, plain lessons that we should be faithful servants ; that our lamps are to be kept filled and burning for the sudden opening of opportunities ; that we are to carry on our souls "the least of the brethren," and see to it that in so far as we can, we make their needs a part of our own

life. In proportion as we are competent, we are to try to make good their deficiencies ; if they do not see which way opportunity lies, we are to try to direct their sight ; we are to encourage the faltering ; we are to prod the indifferent ; it is to be a part of the problem of life to do away with the helplessness of the helpless—that which cannot be remedied is to be borne by the able. It is plain to see that if this teaching of Jesus could take possession of our souls, and leaven all our thought, it would make an "earthly paradise" of this earthly life. When the welfare, the happy journeying, of our neighbor, the greatest or the least, is our heartfelt interest, then shall we be in accord with the great Teacher, and we may hope to be sharers in the glad surprise of those upon whose ears falls the great Benediction : Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

The Bread of Life.

When Rome was just beginning to be Rome, and Greece was very young, and peoples now historic had not yet begun to make records—a teacher in those far-away centuries left a message that we cannot doubt is from God. It was spoken for all time. The records of that period show life to have had many of the elements of modern life. Great progress had been made in mechanics and in art. Then as now the love for splendor was catered to. Costly fabrics were woven of cotton, silk, and wool with threads of gold, for the adornment of the person. The "bravery of the tinkling ornaments" of their women is written about, and their "bonnets" and "changeable suits of apparel" and "crisping pins" and "bracelets." Magnificent temples were built for the gods of the Assyrians and

the Jehovah of the Israelites. But, with all that art had attained to, and the refinements that civilization had reached, and the "treasures of gold and silver of which there was no end," the Israelites were pronounced a "sinful nation, a people laden with iniquity." There were those who "called evil good and good evil," who "put darkness for light and light for darkness." Woe was pronounced unto them that were "mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink;" upon such as "decreed unrighteous decrees;" that "turned aside the needy from judgment;" "that took away the right from the poor;" "that made widows their prey;" "that robbed the fatherless." This is a hint of the history made seven centuries before Jesus taught in Palestine. But it has not a strange sound to us. True, it has come out of the Hebrew tongue; but more than a score of centuries has not so far removed us in experience that the story should suggest another race of men. The bravery of the rustling garments of our women, and their

"bonnets" and "changeable suits of apparel" are still a favorite, sometimes an absorbing, theme. No morning newspaper is sent out to a waiting community that is not blackened with its records of "those who put darkness for light." Yesterday it was the story of the man who had made evil his good and ended his career upon the gallows; to-day it is the tale of young lads who, poisoned by the corrupting literature of the cheap press and attempting to become the desperadoes whose atrocities had inflamed their imaginations, find themselves stopped in their criminal courses to spend the rest of their lives in the living tomb of the State's prison; to-morrow it may be the report of the sweat-shops in which "widows are made a prey," and "the fatherless are robbed." And every day's record shows that there are men who offer themselves as statesmen to guard the interests of the nation, and then bend every effort toward their own advancement, regardless of the nation's needs.

In those far-away centuries an illuminated

teacher appeared among men. The beautiful story of his consecration, let us treasure in our hearts. He saw, in vision, the Lord sitting upon a throne guarded by Seraphim crying one to another "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory!" Then he said, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King—the Lord of Hosts." But one of the Seraphim flew unto him, and touched his lips with a live coal from off the altar, and said, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away." Then was he consecrated to the Lord, and heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us," and replied, "Here am I; send me." Thus, with cleared vision and quickened hearing, Isaiah came to his people with this message: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" Thus was he made a teacher to all

generations. His message this summer morning, more than a score of centuries after it was uttered, is a living message to us, as from lips newly touched by a live coal from God's altar.

Only that is bread which buildeth up. We know this is true of the physical body. If we were fed only upon sweets and dainties, how soon the tissues would degenerate. When our athletes are about to put themselves to the test for fleetness of foot and endurance of muscle, they spend their money for that which will build up. They are taught a lesson which, second for the moment to the satisfaction of victory or the anguish of defeat, should remain with them long after the pulses have quieted, and the supreme importance of minute fractions of time and space have given place to the stress of the life work. For the *goal* which they have pledged themselves to reach, they forego the tempting morsels that would please the palate, but would not go to the building up of the muscles upon which victory depends. In this brief season of training they are

at the height to which the Great Prophet summons us all. If they who run, and leap, and throw the hammer, and we who enter into their zeal, could take to our hearts the fine lesson of their training, then would athletics have a value in college life far beyond the achievements eagerly recorded. To the athlete it is the *goal* that sets him inquiring, "What is bread, that I may spend my money for it?" and gives him fortitude to hold himself to its requirements. The goal! ah, that is the vital point! What is our life's goal?

If it be true that with all our infirmities of purpose and of will the stamp of divinity is upon us, then must our goal be God! Happy it is for us if in our youth there come moments of joy or of sorrow, or of responsibility, that give us even a fleeting sense of our kinship with the Divine—a heavenly vision, which, if it shine not steadily for us, may yet make *real* to us spiritual things that culminate in God. In this thought of living toward God is there a suggestion of isolation, of

self-exaltation, chilling to the ardor of youth? Let it not be so. It may easily be that the engineer's survey is a highway to God. All the busy places of the world, in commerce, in building, in sowing and reaping, may be in the service of God. The occupations of women's hands in the home, or in more public fields of labor, may all be in the service of God. For he needs us all as his aids. The sunshine and rain and frost bring to perfection his growing things; not less does he need the help of willing hearts and hands and feet to further his great plans. It is true in the races of the athletes toward their goal, it sometimes happens that there are those to whom the *appearance of victory* is more than honor, who "foul" their competitors by jostling them out of the course, and so come first to the goal. Thus, in the strife of the business world, there are men whose goal is the accumulation of money, who do not hesitate to "foul" their business competitors and "drive them to the wall," and push on in their own absorbing struggle for riches. They

may reach their goal. But money thus gained at the cost of other men's success, cannot be turned into bread to build up the soul. It is vitiated in the getting. The law of gravity is absolute—it reports every added or subtracted grain. So the moral law is absolute—it knows no compromises. And the apparent victory of the athlete who jostles his fellow, and of the business man who drives his neighbor to the wall, is more than defeat. The eager reporter may publish far and wide the first-place medal of the athlete, and the many activities, beneficent it may be, of the man of wealth; but every false move of either, out of accord with God's law of rectitude, by that much dwarfs and paralyzes his soul—leaves him starving for that which is "bread."

If the goal of all our endeavors is God, what shall we say, then, is the bread or the labor to bring us to this goal? I believe it may be concretely expressed as the sincere purpose to do our life-work as an appointment from God; in a spirit of fellowship, of sympathetic service. It

cannot be a life of seclusion,—of thinking upon God apart from our fellows. Every day's sunshine teaches us this. True, it is our conception of the life of God, that like a king, he sits upon a great throne, jealous and awful, demanding homage and adulation from his children. Is it not a higher conception to think of God as the life of all that lives, shining in the sun, fructifying the seed; ripening the harvest; pervading the universe with himself till every remotest atom is vivified and "death is swallowed up in victory;" illuminating all souls that open themselves to the Divine Light? If we think of God as the unhasting and unwearying and beneficent worker at the center of all activity, then, to be in harmony with God, we too must be unhasting, unwearying, and beneficent workers in any obscure bit of the universe where our lot may fall.

It is good to believe that God is our goal—that beneficent service is the bread of life to our souls —for if this be true, there is a place for every one of us from the least to the greatest,—no one need

fall out of the race. If this be true, we may find in beneficent service the standard by which to measure the value of life. We need not ask, Did he make a fortune; was he highly intellectual; was she very brilliant; did she shine in society, and did she lead the woman's club? Our inquiry becomes rather, Did he do his work for his employer as zealously as if only his own interest were at stake; in his business successes did he make himself a strength to others struggling for success; did his intellectual attainments make him a centre of light; did the neighborhood glow with her happy shining; did her presence inspire with courage and high resolve and patient endeavor? If she did not lead the woman's club, was her life an exposition of the beautiful thing womanhood may be?

Possibly, too, the acceptance of this standard of measurement of life's values would do away with some things that threaten to make life a tragedy to the young and single-handed. Costly luxuries that insidiously establish their claim as

necessities, will have no goading power to the young man or woman whose soul is "rich toward God." Beauty, which the soul craves as the body demands bread, our Heavenly Father has made one of his constant ministers to us; and courtesy, that sweetener of all life's relations, as with an enchanter's rod, can touch to fineness the simplest furnishings of house and of person. That which is bread to the soul is attained without the stress that often puts the young man under terrible temptation, and makes the older man the slave of his work.

Sympathetic service is easily translated religious life. For sympathetic service is inspired by the desire to act with God; and whoso acts with God is bound by strong ties to his heart of hearts. The name of Jesus of Nazareth stands for service. The sick pressed upon him, even to touch the hem of his garment, for healing; the sinning bowed before him to receive his word of encouragement, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more;" mothers brought their little chil-

dren, that his benediction might fall upon them. And he said, "I and my Father are one."

With this conception, which gives to life depth and breadth and richness inexhaustible, would I dower the "pilgrim scrips" of the two-score young men and women who have finished their college course, and must now exchange the safe shelter of sojourners for the hazards of pilgrims. These thoughts are not new—more than once during your college years they have been brought to your minds. There is scarcely any department of study which does not at some point suggest them. But they have pressed for utterance this once more, when the tender feeling of a "last time" may make the impress deep and indelible. I love to think how the world is to be enriched by the addition to its working force of these young men and women trained for service and eager to take their places. I rejoice in your courage and confidence. I hope you *believe* you can do the things for whose doing the world waits—for, you may. The humble candle of

by-gone years has been gradually supplanted by brighter and brighter luminaries, and still the promise grows toward the perfection of light. And so it may be that the world waits your enthusiasm and your wisdom to make its dark places light, and its foul places sweet and clean. Hold fast your enthusiasm—the ozone of the moral atmosphere. So use it in right places, that its expenditure shall be its increase. If you see us, your elders, faltering and folding our wings, pity us; and yourselves, press on. If as students you have learned to be obedient to reasonable requirements, you will now find yourselves in training for that obedience to the "law written upon your hearts," which alone can make you a power for good.

In the years before you, there may come periods of "storm and stress" that will wake in your hearts the cry, "Calm me, my God, and keep me calm!" Then, it may be that the answer to your appeal will come to you in the memory of seasons of quiet "waiting upon God"

that have been a part of your college life; quiet, not always sweetly acceptable to youth, yet sometimes fulfilling its ministry of blessedness. And when all things are glad and happy for you, may it be the habit of your souls to dwell near to God. So, shall you "spend your money for that which is bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth!"

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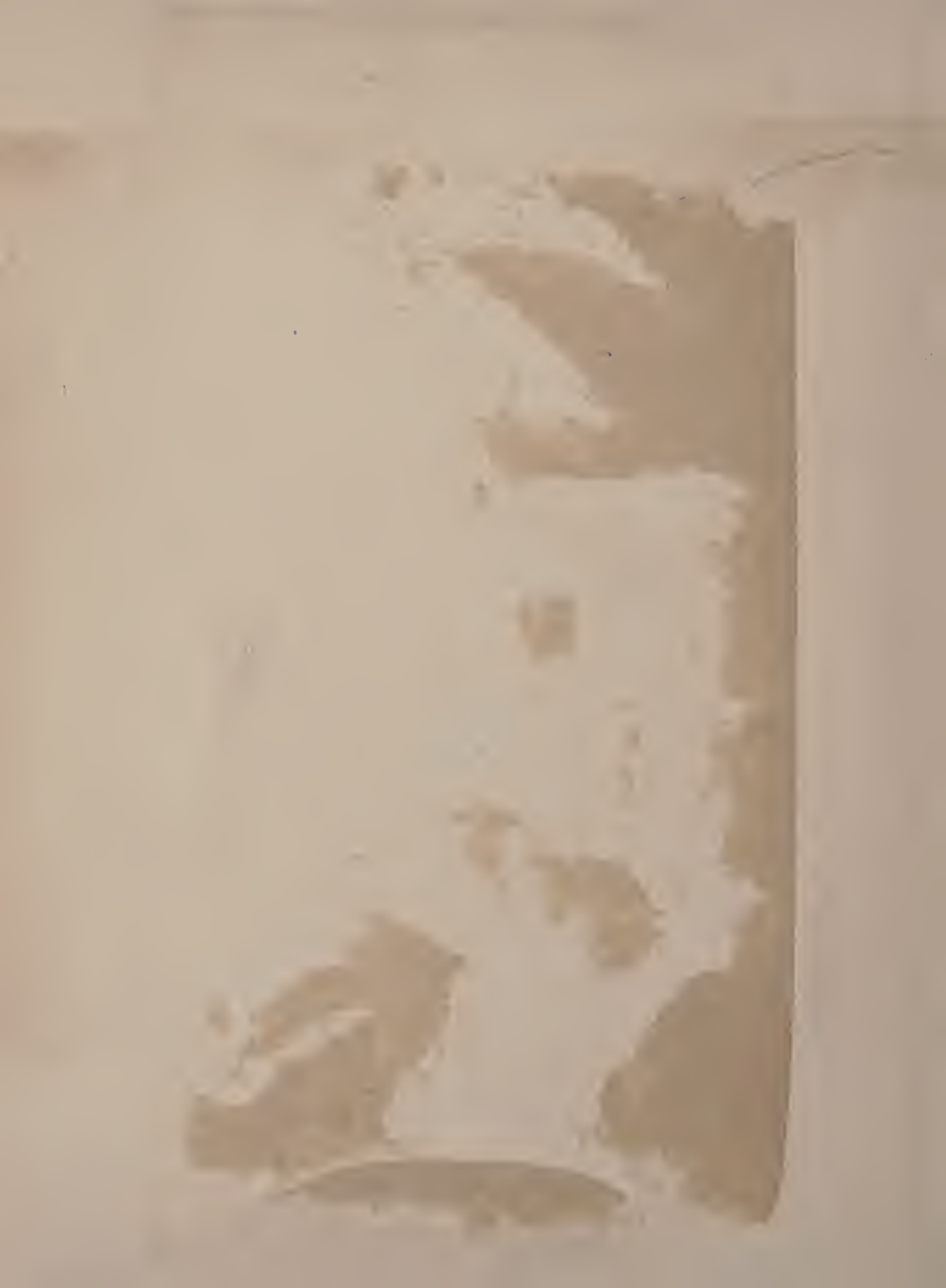

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